

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1898.

NO. 93.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

THIS WEEK.

\$2.00 WILL BUY

choice of a number of hearth size Rugs, new colors, new styles. They are big values.

\$3.50 WILL BUY

a genuine Moquette Rug, 6 feet long by 3 feet wide. It's the regular \$5 kind.

NEW ARRIVALS

26 fancy Lamps, odd shapes. 25 Copely Prints, framed in black. 100 Etchings, water colors and pastels. 4 Parlor Cabinets.

\$4.00 WILL BUY

an exquisite Smyrna Rug, full size, elegantly made, beautifully designed.

\$6.00 WILL BUY

choice of about 8 slightly soiled O-gestian Rugs. Former price \$12.00.

OUR SPECIAL SALE OF ORIENTAL RUGS

is in full swing. There was never a better opportunity to add these gems of color to the home.

Prices BELOW anybody's for equal goods. Money back if goods are not as represented.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture Wall Paper. LEXINGTON, KY.

\$5 REDUCTION

ON OUR FALL AND WINTER

OVERCOATS

FOR THIS WEEK.

Our \$35 Overcoats for \$30.

Our \$30 Overcoats for \$25.

Fine Imported Trousers for \$7 and \$8.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

J. D. McGANN, Cutter.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burr.

Miss Mattie Power is quite ill. The late E. C. Foster had his life insured for \$1,000.

Thos. McClintock is quite ill at Chas. Martin's near town.

Mr. Yancy Ray went to Mason, Saturday, to visit relatives.

Dr. Adams, of Cynthiana, visited friends here, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller are visiting relatives near Eminence.

Mr. Clarke Bascom, of Owingsville, visited lady friends here, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin O'Neal visited relatives in Carlisle, Saturday and Sunday.

Prof. C. M. Best and C. W. Howard took another degree in Masonry, Friday night.

Rev. J. N. Current, of Louisville, is the guest of his brother, Mr. M. H. Current.

Messrs. Jos. McClelland and J. S. Dandon were in Paris, Saturday, on business.

Mr. Jas. Cray and family, of Mt. Olivet, came up Saturday and are guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford M. Allen visited Mrs. Louis Rogers, near North Middletown, Sunday.

Miss Belle Armstrong returned Friday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. L. Brady, at Carlisle.

Harry O. James, of Paris, and W. L. Stake, of Louisville, visited friends here, Sunday.

Mr. Taylor Fleming, of Kansas City, was the guest of Mrs. Thora and Miss Thora, last Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. T. Darnell returned Friday from a visit with her mother, in Mason, who is better.

W. G. M. Clintock is through assessing the county with the exception of the Millersburg precinct.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Howe, of Covington, are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Miller, near town.

Mrs. Robinson and two children, of Bracken county, are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Jas. A. Butler.

Folkes Fleming returned Saturday from a three days' hunt, in Robinson, with 90 birds and a big lot of rabbits.

Mr. and Mrs. John Powling and daughter, of Carlisle, were guests of Robt. Tarr, from Saturday until Monday.

Remember the sale of all kinds of eatables by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church, in the church basement, on 23d, Wednesday.

Joshua Barton sold to John Marshall a Bates King-Mary bull calf, last week, which was shipped to David Scott, at Seven Mile, Ohio.

Ashby and John Loe sold to Jonas Weil 17 head of \$1,400 lb cattle, at \$4 60. Horace Purdy sold to same 16 head of 1,475 lb cattle, at \$1 60.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jones, of Paris, and Mr. Kirby Denton, of Riddles Mill, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Jones, Sunday, at Hotel Conway.

Mr. T. Ling, of Cynthiana, sent Ike Boyd, colored, the No. 15 shoes by freight, which Boyd won at the street fair for having the largest feet.

Don't forget the entertainment to-night at the opera-house—'Woman Triumphant, or Congress in 1950,'—by home talent, for the benefit of the silver service for the Kentucky Kentucky. Admission, 25 and 35 cents.

'STRAYED'—A black milk cow, 6-year-old, weight about 1,100 lb., good individual. Supposed to have followed a drove to yards Paris last Wednesday night. Liberal reward. Address: 'T. M. Parnell, Millersburg, Ky.'

STATEMENT.—There was \$29.50 subscribed here in September to repair the City School building. There was \$4 25

of the amount collected, and \$25.61 expended for paper, painting, plastering, roofing, locks, blackboards, etc. MATTIE POWER, BESSIE PURNELL.

On account of week of prayer with the Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist Church the Baptist ladies have postponed their spelling bee.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Forum.

What gives the maid that worried look, Why that wrinkled brow, alack! She has misplaced her book "Cyran de Bergerac."

Coon hunting is a society diversion at Flemingsburg.

"The Christian" played to \$80,000 in six weeks in New York.

Minnie Seligman Cutting, the actress, will sell an unknissed kiss at auction this week in St. Louis for the benefit of charity.

Mrs. Allen Robertson, who was the original "Tempest" in Mrs. Holmes' novel "Tempest and Sunshine," died last week at her home in Nicholasville.

Sibyl Johnstone, who created a sensation eight years ago by appearing in pink fleshings as "Iza" in The Clemen-

R. D. McLain, Odette Tyler and Chas. B. Hanford have formed an alliance which goes into effect on December 8th. They will play their first engagement in Louisville.

Thanksgiving is nearly here, May de nights befo' be murky; Et de moon is bright I feah I may not swipe a turkey.

The Thanksgiving week attractions at Cincinnati theatres are: Grand, Julia Marlowe in "The Countess Valeska," Pike, Mrs. Fiske, in repertoire; Walnut, Fannie Rice in "The French Ball; Heuck's, "Dawn in Dixie;" Fountain, Milton and Dollie Nobles.

A clever old farmer named Rough Prov'd he was made of the right stougb; When he saw our fowlless lot, Dropp'd a turkey in the slot, And won a quarter column pougb.

They were Paris ladies who were watching for the meteoric shower. One of the watchers tired of the vigil and took a last look before going to bed. "What's the outlook," inquired one of the others. The retiring watcher remarked, "They don't seem to be loosening up any."

We keep up with the times and you will find large selected line of Reefers and Boys overcoats at Price & Co's, and at the right price.

FOR RENT—A six room residence on High Street, adjoining the Dan Turney residence. Possession given immediately. Apply to J. T. HINTON.

Use Paris Milling Co's Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other

EXAMINE those comforts at J. T. Hinton's.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

A street fair will be held to-day at Carlisle.

Richmond will vote on local option December 10th.

Winchester's new street cars will be running in a few days.

A Cynthiana man was fined \$35 and sent to jail for ten days for pointing a pistol.

Mrs. Rosalind Nesbit, of Mt. Vernon, has written a popular song called "Just Sixteen."

A seven-story, \$400,000 hotel will be built at Fifth avenue and Jefferson street at Louisville.

A check sent from New York last week by John Madden to his wife at Lexington, was stolen.

The Megibben Excelsior Distillery at Lair, was sold at Master's sale last week to S. J. Ashbrook, of Cynthiana, for \$3,200.

The report of the Harrison county Free Turnpike Commissioner has just been submitted to the court. It shows that the county has deeds to all the pikes five in number, their total length being 285 miles. The maintenance of the same last year cost \$754 25. The court reduced the Commissioner's salary from \$90 to \$50 per month.

There are eggs and eggs. The egg of yesterday looks, feels, measures and weighs like the egg of last month, but there's a difference in another respect, and that difference is worth money. Its just so with laundry. The difference between good work and poor is slight to the unpracticed discernment, but it's a difference that counts every time. It's a difference that changes your laundry bill from an expense to an investment. We do good work—it will cost no more than poor work but its worth double the difference.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

W. S. Anderson, Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Gents—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours, W. S. ANDERSON.

Sold by all druggists at 50c, and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

own family.—Chicago Record.

Notre is that faculty which enables us to put on airs in the presence of our

wages.—"Indianapolis Journal.

she won't trust him with his own

with the dry goods peddler, "as when

man with her affections," said the

young man, "when a woman trusts a

It is a solemn thing," said the

More solemn still.

—Those Van B. Speeches.

As thou, his all, those suffering souls to save. Be brave, O heart, like unto him who gave. How her redemption fills his life with love? For freedom! Ah, will China ever know?

A few short hours, and yet the sun's brightness Cannot transform my darkness into day.

My soul is bathed in deepest, darkest night. And this is death.

But one brief day ago I felt thy purging breath. That 'twas but yesterday, I cannot now be clear— It seems a dream.

SACRIFICE.

PUBLIC SALE

— OF —

FINE BOURBON FARM,

STOCK, CROP, ETC.

Having determined to change my business, I will offer at public sale, on the premises at 10 a. m., on

WEDNESDAY NOV. 30, 1898,

my farm lying on the Paris and North Middletown turnpike, two miles from Paris, containing 190 acres of excellent land, fifty acres of No. 1 tobacco land. Upon the farm is a small dwelling house, three good barns and all necessary out-buildings, an excellent orchard of many varieties of fruit, never-failing water of springs and pools. With the exception of twenty-five acres the entire place is well set in grass. For the quality of land, location and improvements this is one of the most desirable small farms in the county.

At the same time, I will sell my stock, consisting of horses, cattle, sheep, and all my crop and farm utensils.

Terms easy and made known on day of sale.

J. L. TRUNDLE.

A. T. FORTY, AUCTIONEER.

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm.

Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Will cure Croup without fail. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

NO GAS. NO COCAINE.

A simple application to the gums used only by me, and acknowledged by the public to be the best and easiest, and absolutely free from any after effects.

Catephoric treatment for painless filling.

Set of teeth.....\$8.00.

Upper and lower.....15.00.

Silver fillings.....50 cts up.

Gold fillings.....1.00 up.

Gold crowns.....5.00.

Painless extraction.....50 cts.

J. R. ADAIR, D. D. S., 321 Main St., Paris, Ky., (opp. Court-house.)

Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

Telephone 79.

GEO. W. DAVIS,

— DEALER IN —

Furniture, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses, Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.

MAIN STREET, PARIS, KY.

Two Dollars and fifty cents will buy

"THE PARISIAN,"

the best welt, extension sole, full shoe you ever looked at. Made of nice, soft kid, has stout but flexible soles and is strictly a reliable shoe.

Button or Lace. Sold at

Clay's Shoe Store,

Cor. 4th & Main, Paris, Ky.

The Dubine Jewelry Company,

Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Long Distance Telephone, Call 870.

DIAMOND CUTTERS.

All our Diamonds are Carefully selected in the rough, and cut in our Factory by Expert Diamond Cutters. We carry the Largest Stock in the West at the Lowest Prices.

SILVERSMITHS. Our stock of STERLING SILVER TOILET WARE and WEDDING SILVER is the most complete in the West. A few exclusive patterns of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks at \$1.00 PER OUNCE.

WATCHES. We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Patek, Philippe & Co. watches. Our stock in this line includes every grade and make known to the trade, at prices to suit everybody.

STATIONERY. Our Department of Stationery and Engraving is thoroughly up-to-date, and complete in every respect.

Send for our Holiday Shopping List, containing many valuable Suggestions. All orders promptly attended to. Goods sent to our Patrons on Selection.

Wheat Sacks

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Wheat stored on reasonable terms, and highest market price paid for Wheat. Call on us at Paris Milling Co's office.

B. M. RENICK & CO.

P. S.—Farmers would do well to store their wheat near home.

Wanted to Buy

300,000 bushels of wheat. I will pay the highest market price in cash; or I will furnish sacks and store your wheat in an elevator and buy your wheat when you are ready to sell at the highest market price. Those who held wheat last year made big money. Store your wheat and get the profit.

E. O. FRETWELL, Agent, (5 July 41) Paris, Ky.



DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

"Ring out the old Ring in the new Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, Improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

Bottles Only. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never had any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in gripes as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. McCall, Edinburgh, Ky.



FOR PLEASURE PHOTOGRAPHY

ADLAKE CAMERA.

\$12 and \$15

It is the easiest camera. Makes the best photographs. Never out of order. Takes 4x5 plates that all dealers keep—no matter what make—get 'em anywhere.

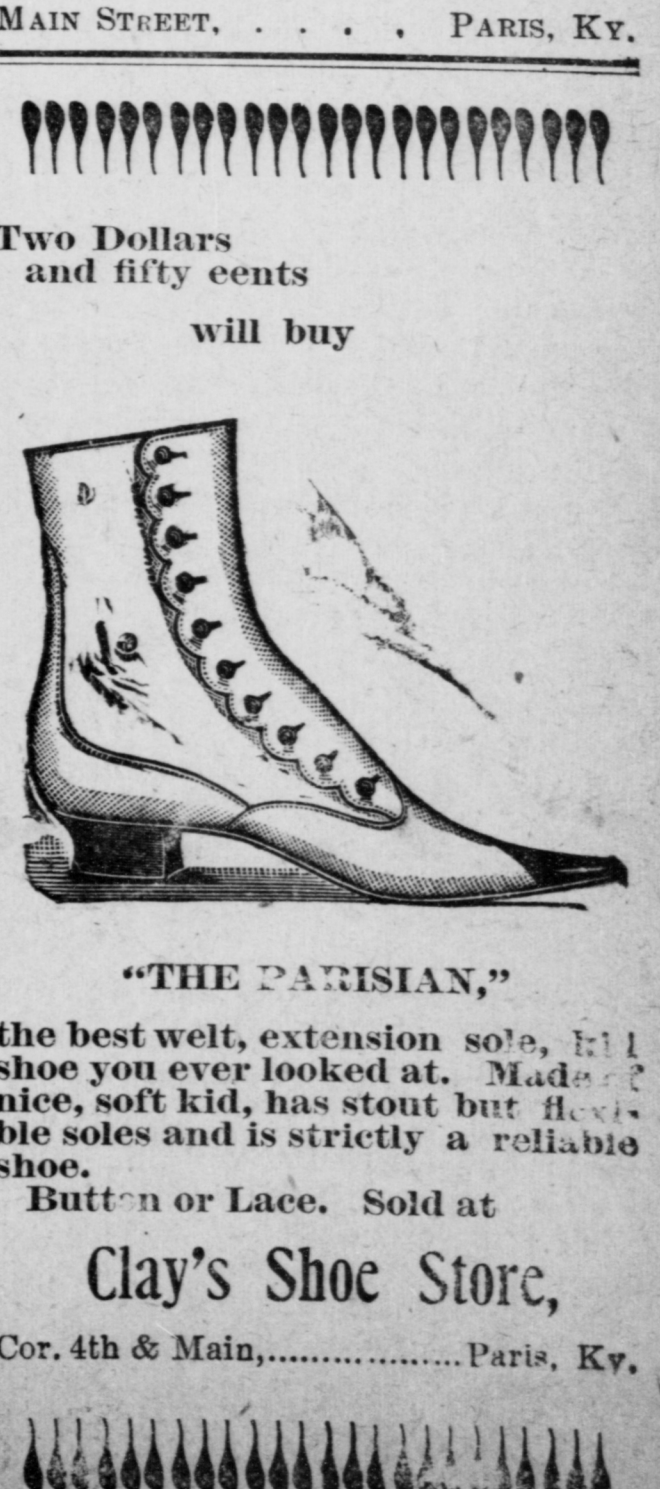
The after expense is least. The Pleasure is most.

Sent express paid, anywhere in the United States.

A careful book on it sent, if you ask.

ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.

110 Ontario Street, Chicago.



Two Dollars and fifty cents will buy

"THE PARISIAN,"

the best welt, extension sole, full shoe you ever looked at. Made of nice, soft kid, has stout but flexible soles and is strictly a reliable shoe.

Button or Lace. Sold at

Clay's Shoe Store,

Cor. 4th & Main, Paris, Ky.

ALTERNATIVES.

Spain Must Accept a Sum of Money for the Philippine Islands.

Or Lose Them by Conquest, With the Possibility of Other Territorial Losses to Indemnify the United States for Added Expenses.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—The American peace commissioners Saturday were closely engaged in formulating the terms of the important communication to be made to the Spanish commissioners next week. It is impossible at present, however, to determine whether the work will be completed for presentation on Monday or Tuesday, though it is believed the Americans will be ready on Monday. While the Americans fully appreciate the necessity of making progress they are also under the necessity of taking great care in the preparation of what may possibly be the conclusive record of these negotiations. The Spanish commissioners consumed a week in the preparation of the last memorandum, but the Americans will not require so long a time to complete the work in hand and any present delay will ultimately prove to have been advantageous.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The postponement of Saturday's meeting of the peace commissioners until next week is explained at the state department as necessary to enable the American representatives to formulate the precise heads of the treaty of peace, which will mark the final stage of the proceedings. Many minor details will be left for subsequent agreement, but it is confidently declared that the next session will result in the formal enunciation of exact terms regarding the payment which Spain is to receive for relinquishing sovereignty over the whole Philippine archipelago, as well as the mutual declaration regarding the transfer of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Ladrone islands.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—The American commissioners, in a written communication, will declare that the third article of the protocol regarding the Philippines is capable of only one fair construction, that no arbitration is needed to elucidate its terms, and that the United States can not admit any other power to figure here purely as a lexicologist. They will maintain that the two commissions are charged to determine whether Spain or the United States shall in future own the Philippines.

This will be accompanied by the clear declaration that the United States will possess the Philippines.

Following this declaration the American commissioners will lay before the Spaniards two alternatives.

First—To accept a sum of money from the United States and to cede and evacuate the Philippines.

Second—To lose the Philippines to the United States by conquest, with the possibility of other territorial losses to indemnify the United States for the added expense of conquest.

MONEY FOR SPANISH TROOPS

Gen Blanco Authorized to Draw on Paris for \$2,000,000 in Gold—The Spanish Evacuation of Cuba.

HAVANA, Nov. 21.—Capt. Gen. Blanco received from Paris Sunday a cable authorizing him to draw on Paris for \$2,000,000 in gold, to be applied in the payment of the Spanish troops in Cuba. This amount is in addition to the proceeds of the draft for \$25,000 sterling by the Madrid government on London which was sold here last week.

The Spanish authorities are making strenuous efforts to complete the evacuation by the end of the year. Many transports are being chartered for that purpose.

Martinique has been selected as the place of rendezvous of the Spanish navy for evacuation purposes.

Run Down By a Train and Killed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—G. W. Rogers, of Camden, employed as a conductor on the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad, and H. G. Rue, baggage-master of Rogers' train, were killed at Rahway, N. J., Sunday night. They had completed their run for the day and were walking to the depot to take a train for home when run down by the Chicago limited, east-bound.

American, British and Japanese Ministers Protest.

YOKOHAMA, Nov. 21.—A dispatch from Seoul, capital of Corea, says the American, British and Japanese ministers there have protested against the action of the Korean government in issuing orders that foreigners are to be stopped from trading in the interior.

Dreyfus Allowed More Liberty.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—The government, according to the Temps, has ordered a modification of the prison treatment of former Capt. Albert Dreyfus. Dreyfus is to be allowed to promenade and exercise six hours a day over an area of eight acres.

Judge Gilmer Upheld.

WARREN, O., Nov. 21.—Circuit court affirmed the finding of Judge Gilmer in the case of Charles Fenton, who is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for murder.

MORE RIOTING AT PANAMA, ILL.

Negroes Shot at the Cottage of a White Miner—Wholesale Lynching is Now Threatened.

PANAMA, Ill., Nov. 21.—Fourteen Negroes, employed by the Penwell Coal Co., armed with rifles, at 3 o'clock Saturday morning opened fire on a frame cottage which was occupied by union miners. One of the white men was shot in the side. The Negroes then rushed inside the stockade of the Penwell Coal Co.

The mineowners are denounced, as they furnished the Negroes with the firearms. It is believed that a repetition of the South Carolina riots will take place here soon. The white people of the county are aroused. Lynching will be the order of things before long if the imported men fail to leave. Great excitement prevailed here Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—President McKinley does not intend to take any action concerning the race rioting in Panama. Attorney General Griggs declares there is no warrant for federal interference, as the rioters have not interfered with federal property, nor have they obstructed the railroads or delayed the mails. Gov. Tanner has made no request for federal assistance.

VERY DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Miles and Miles of Territory on the Ozark Mountains Being Devastated by Forest Fires—Heavy Loss.

MACOMB, Mo., Nov. 21.—The largest and most destructive conflagration that has ever swept the Ozark mountains since 1884, is now circumscribing this town for miles and miles, north of and parallel with the Memphis railroad. The autumn heavy foliage has rapidly fallen since frost and are supposed to have been fired from sparks of freight engines Sunday afternoon, a scope of country 13 miles long is in flames, miles of fences, orchards, plantations, farms and dry pasture fields, stocked with cattle and other animals, and many old settlers' homes lie directly in the line of the ravaging monster, while neighborhoods are advancing to the scene, but find themselves totally unable to check the flames, their only remedy is to hurriedly turn out stock ahead of the flames and desert premises. The altitude being 1,760 feet above the sea and a terrible southwesterly wind prevailing, great destruction is imminent. The town of Macomb will probably be destroyed.

DISASTROUS TRAIN HOLD-UP

One of the Robbers Perforated with Shot and the Others Driven Off by the Trainmen.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Nov. 21.—The westbound Overland passenger train was held up by four robbers about 1 o'clock Saturday morning between Daggett and Barstow.

Express Messenger Hutchinson drove them off with buckshot and the train pulled out for Los Angeles. At Barstow the trainmen sent a posse back to the scene of the hold-up, where the body of one of the robbers was found perforated with shot. A special train with Sheriff Holcomb has left this city for the scene of the hold-up.

THE RUMOR NOT CONFIRMED.

Reported That the North German Lloyd Steamship Ville de Coblenz Had Foundered at Sea With All on Board.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—A report entirely unconfirmed was in circulation Sunday that the steamship Ville de Coblenz, of the North German Lloyd line, had foundered at sea with all on board. Lloyd's agents have received no news on the subject and the owners of the steamer believe her safe.

According to Lloyd's weekly shipping index of November 11, the Coblenz, of the North German Lloyd line, left Bremen on November 7 for Brazilian ports.

Spanish Duty on Quinine.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The treasury department has recommended to the secretary of war that quinine be admitted to Cuba and Porto Rico free of duty. Under the Spanish law the duty on quinine was about \$13.50 a pound. The war department undoubtedly will concur in the treasury recommendation.

Emptied the Safe.

PADUCAH, Ky., Nov. 21.—Burglars entered the store of H. M. Holmes, Birmingham, Ky. The safe, a large one, was blown open and the contents taken. Several hundred dollars in money and a lot of notes were taken. The safe was a general deposit place for the town and the exact loss is not known. There is no clew to the thieves.

Will Remove to Michigan.

IONIA, Mich., Nov. 21.—The Wellerstein Shirt Co., of Albany, N. Y., who have a ten-year contract for the employment of 300 inmates at shirt-making in the Ionia prison are contemplating the removal of their entire business from New York to Michigan.

Lost His Leg.

COLUMBIA, Ky., Nov. 21.—Two boys, sons of Joseph Jesse, were out bird hunting and one accidentally shot the other, lacerating his right thigh. His leg was amputated Saturday.

ATALANTA SUNK

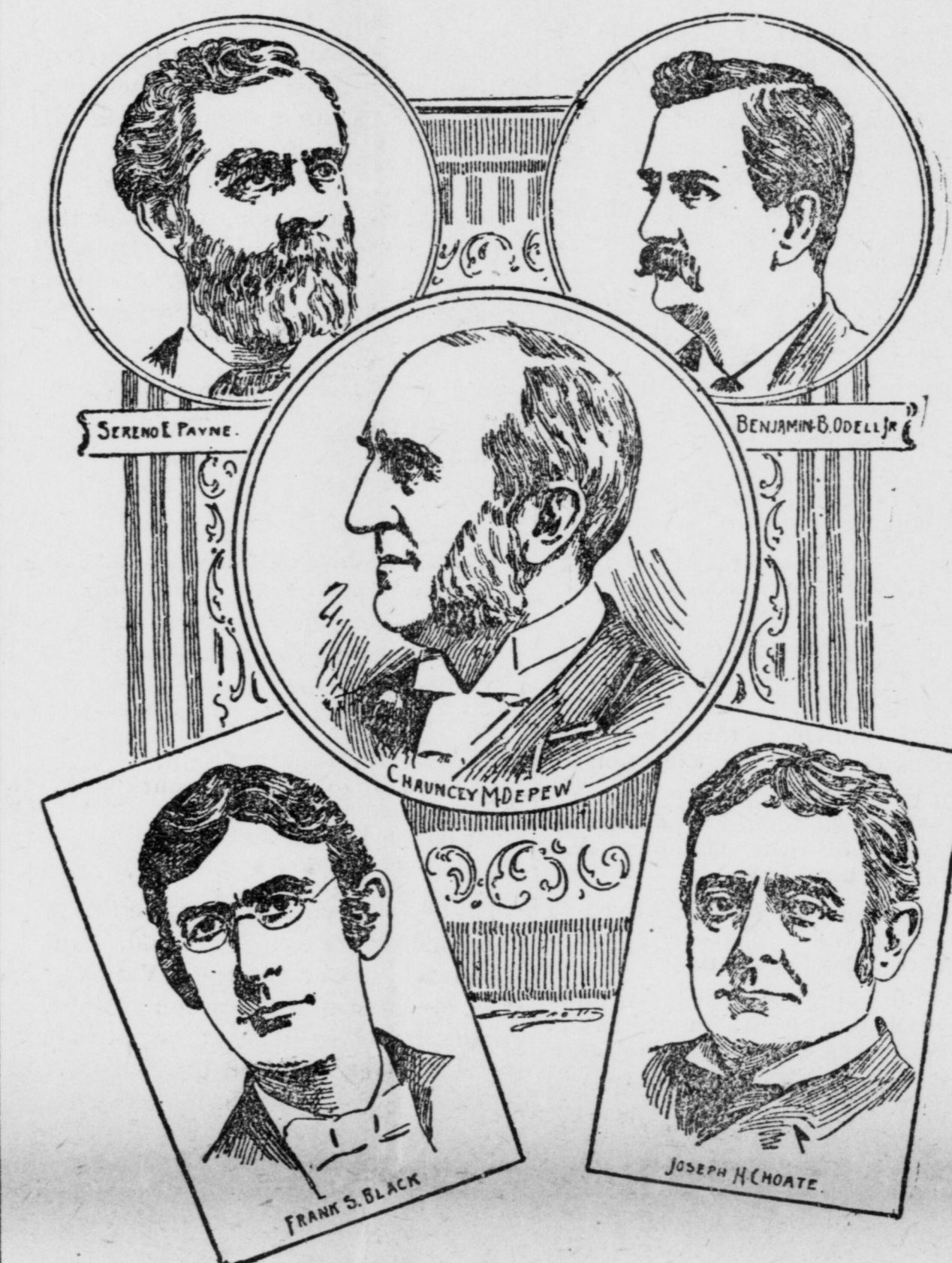
The Ship Was Destroyed Five Miles South of Alsead.

The Atalanta Struck on the Breakers and Commenced Settling at Once—Crew Took to the Rigging But Soon Went Down With the Ship.

YAQUINA, Ore., Nov. 21.—Additional particulars of the wreck of the British ship Atalanta, Capt. Charles McBride, from Tacoma to Cape Town, Thursday morning, five miles south of Alsead, were brought here by a correspondent who went to the scene. Twenty-three lives were lost, including all the officers of the ship, and only three sailors survived to tell the terrible story of the wreck.

The body of Jacobson was recovered and buried Saturday.

Wednesday morning the ship stood of the starboard tack, the course being southeast, 12 east, until Wednesday night about 12 o'clock. She kept backing off, steering southeast by east and running under full sail, when suddenly the lookout sang out "Breakers ahead!"



FIVE NEW YORKERS SEEKING SENATOR MURPHY'S SEAT

Almost at the same time the ship struck with a tremendous crash. She rose again on the heavy ground swell, lurched forward, struck again, was carried further by the seas, struck a third time and commenced settling at once. The seas by this time were washing over the vessel and the decks were quickly cleared of everything movable.

The crew had taken to the rigging. Most of them to the mizzen mast. Within half an hour after striking the hull broke in two. The main mast fell and this started the mizzen mast, in which nearly all the crew had taken refuge. At this moment George Frazer, a sailor, plunged overboard, preferring to take his chances by swimming to be carried over by the tottering mizzen mast. He succeeded in catching hold of the main hatch and held on for a few minutes when he was told that the port life boat was near him. Frazer swam to the boat after a desperate struggle and succeeded in climbing into it, his shipmates in the rigging giving him three cheers. After helping McMahon and Webber into the boat they soon drifted on shore.

Will Not Pay the Cuban Debt.

MADRID, Nov. 21.—The government is semi-officially announced, intends to notify the Cuban bondholders that Spain will not pay the Cuban debt, which will not be mentioned in the peace treaty. The government considers itself completely freed from these entanglements, which fall upon the nation exercising sovereignty and collecting taxes in Cuba.

Wealthy Brewer Sued for Breach of Promise.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 21.—Anton Lutz, a prominent and wealthy brewer of this city, has been sued for breach of promise by Ruth De Haan, formerly of Cleveland, O., the damages being placed at \$100,000. The plaintiff is a widow and at present resides in Chicago.

The President's Thanksgiving Turkey.

WESTERLY, R. I., Nov. 21.—The president's turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner has been dressed by Horace Vose, who has supplied the white house bird for 35 years. The turkey weighs 28½ pounds and was shipped by express Friday night.

Golden Wedding Celebration.

RICHMOND, Ky., Nov. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Park celebrated their golden wedding at their country home, "Woodland Park," six miles from Richmond.

THE LOCOMOTIVE EXPLODED.

The Firemen Hurled Seventy-Five Feet and Killed—Two Tramps Supposed to Be Buried in the Debris.

CONVERSE, O., Nov. 21.—The Chicago & Erie road had a disastrous wreck near this city Sunday morning about 9 o'clock. The wrecked train was the second section of west bound freight train No. 83, which was being pulled by Engine 709. The train was a heavy one and the engine one of the big moguls used on the Erie for heavy traffic. The train was running at the rate of about 40 miles an hour when the engine suddenly blew up. The engine was mangled by Engineer Walter Shirliff and Fireman David Little. Conductor Ed Quick and Head Brake-man Frank Smith were also on the engine, having gone to the front of the train when it pulled out of Spencerville, so as to be ahead when they reached Ohio City, and thus facilitate doing the work there. Fireman Little was in the act of throwing in some coal when the engine let go. He was hurled about 75 feet by the explosion and buried beneath a flat car, from which his dead body was afterward dug out. The big engine was raised about five feet from the rails,

HAD FUN WITH HIM.

An Artistic Landsman Gets Some Pointers from the Jolly Sea Rovers.

The sailor man, when in deep water, cannot conceal the feeling of superiority with which he regards the untutored landsman. Some of the non-combatants who sailed the Gulf and the Caribbean during the war learned to keep an eye on the mariners, and others gained painful experience before they got their sea legs.

An artist who boarded a grimy tugboat clad in white linen found his coat covered with coal dust when he was a day from port and decided to wash it. He filled a bucket with sea water and fell to work. When he had scrubbed the garment for 20 minutes he was satisfied.

Then it occurred to him to starch the coat pockets. He did so, and pulled out—his gold watch.

He was perturbed. The crew laughed and he rebuked them. They bided their time. Then one of them told the artist that the proper way to restore the coat to its normal color was to tie a line to it, heave it overboard and tow it for a few hours. The artist did so.

When he went below a deck hand hauled the coat aboard, untied the line and hiding the coat made fast a ragged piece of white duck and threw it overboard.

When the owner of the coat pulled in his line he was the angriest man on the tug. And he didn't know just how to accept a deck hand's glibly made explanation, when the garment was restored to him.—N. Y. Herald.

BEST TIME TO KICK A MAN.

First Save His Life and Then You May Apply Your Boot with Impunity.

Perk and Quirk were walking along the crowded street, feeling very kindly toward themselves and the rest of humanity. Just as they reached the middle of a crossing one of those aggravating individuals who walk one way and look another stepped directly in front of a cable car which was rounding the corner. Of course the car had no fender on it. Nearly everybody in the vicinity yelled, and naturally the bewildered man looked in the wrong direction.

Quirk didn't yell, though. He jumped to the side of the track and grabbed the man by the collar and yanked him clear of the tracks and almost out of his shoes. Then he gave him another ferocious jerk to get him out of the way of an express wagon, and, getting him at proper range at the same time, he gave the poor man a kick that must have driven his spine up into his hat. And with the kick Quirk roared:

"Confound you, keep your eyes open when you are on the street!"

Quirk looked unutterably savage, but Perk tottered to the curb, sat down and laughed until the tears came. Then he said:

"You are the only big enough idiot on earth to save a man's life and then kick him for it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

\$100 Reward \$150.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Limitations.

Though a man has a right to make an ass of himself, he should remember that he will not be permitted to disturb the peace with his brays.—Puck.

Hot or cold, Neuralgia will come. Use St. Jacobs Oil; it will go.

When a man has troubles he increases them by being cross.—Atchison Globe.

Winter set in with Rheumatism. Set out with St. Jacobs Oil and cure.

Less than one-half the things one hears are true.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Catarrh

In the head, with its ringing noises in the ears, buzzing, snapping sounds, severe headaches and disagreeable discharges, is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not dally with local applications. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and make a thorough and complete cure by eradicating from the blood all scrofulous taints and giving health and vigor to the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Devious Definitions.

Forgettery—Better than memory at times.

Kaleidoscope—Another name for a woman's mind.

Chatterbox—The one occupied by a theater party.

Success—The one road on the map that leads to popularity.

Hog—An animal that gets right down to the root of things.

Divorce—The only difference between matrimony and alimony.

Quinine—A bitter enemy of the ague and one that's hard to shake.

Debt—A trap that man baits, sets and then deliberately walks into.

Society—A Punch and Judy show in which the figures are dollars instead of sense.—Chicago Evening News.

"Why is it the mind is brighter when a man is past 40?" "After that age the man gets sense enough not to eat too much."—Chicago Daily Record.

Blizzards and frost-bites. St. Jacobs Oil and a cure in a night.

"Don't say you work like a slave," say you "work like a fool."—Atchison Globe.

Christmas coming. Use St. Jacobs for pain. Have a happy one.

The use of his tongue is not what makes a canine a lap dog.—Golden Days.

SYRUP OF FIGS



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

How to Get Strong

A system which has become run down by the trying weather of the past summer is not in a condition to meet the severe winter of this climate and will easily fall a prey to disease unless a proper tonic is used.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best medicine in the world for building up and strengthening an enervated system.

Do not confuse these pills with ordinary purgative pills. They do NOT act on the bowels, thereby further weakening the body. They build up the blood and strengthen the nerves.

Major A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich., is a well-known civil engineer. He says: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not regain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks. I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and I bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and knew they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."—Detroit Free Press.

At all druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS, USE

SAPOLIO

THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.



WHEN I hear the aged sexton Ring the sweet Thanksgiving chimes, Come to me from out my boyhood Glimpses of the vanished times: And I long, with memories tender, 'Neath the autumn's azure dome, Once again to pass Thanksgiving With the old folks at home.

There'll be feasting in the mansions Rising high 'twixt sea and sea, Wit and Beauty will be rulers, But they will not rule for me; For my thoughts, forever unfettered, Like a truant lad will roam, And once more I'll spend Thanksgiving With the old folks at home.

I can see the olden table As I saw it long ago, When the children sat around it, All like nippins in a row; Though the years of youth have vanished Like the storm-beattered foam, I can see that dear old table And the old folks at home.

They are sleeping where the flowers Bloom upon the hillside fair— Where the gentle, crested songsters Fill with joy the scented air; There is many a sweet Thanksgiving Kept beneath the starry dome; But I love the ones connected With the old folks at home.

When the harvests had been gathered And November's robes were gold, What a day then was Thanksgiving, O the stories that we told! Still they bind me gently, gently, To the scenes in memory's to me, And my heart, this dear Thanksgiving, Greets the old folks at home.

Over all the land we honor Let the happy feasts be spread, Let the gay and joyous living Crown with love the cherished dead; Many a heart will beat with rapture 'Neath November's azure dome, For affection crowns Thanksgivings With the old folks at home. —T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

THEIR DUBIOUS THANKSGIVING.



TO-MORROW will be a dubious Thanksgiving," Mary North said, sadly.

"Oh, no, it won't!" her sister Susan rejoined, sarcastically. "Let me enumerate all that we've had to be thankful for during this past year. To begin with, our stepfather died—and left us a large legacy of debts."

"Oh, now, Susan, don't!" "And, then, we found that he had not only mortgaged our dear old home, but had failed to pay the interest on it all these years, and that now—because we can't raise the money to pay it—the mortgage is to be foreclosed at once, and we will be turned out—for the town to take care of, I suppose, since mother is about helpless with rheumatism, and it takes all my time to care for her, and to keep us with clothes on our backs. And now that the Grosvenors have suddenly decided to go south, and no longer want you for nursery governess—the cup of our thankfulness is full, I should say—and full to running over, too!"

"Oh, don't, Susan, please don't!" Mary had been pleading. "It is all so dreadfully sad and hard for us; but still it might be even worse."

"Worse!" ejaculated Susan.

"Yes, worse," repeated Mary. "Why, suppose—just suppose it had been mother who died. Or, suppose, now that she is so helpless, you and I were not so perfectly strong and well. And, then, if she can keep so bright and cheerful with all that she is suffering, I'm sure we ought to keep up bravely—if only for her sake. And, Susan, it's a foolish thought maybe, but I can't help thinking that now—when everything looks so dark and hopeless to us—daylight must be at hand. Perhaps I shall get something else to do very soon—and mother may get better, so that she can be around again—and, anyway, God hasn't forgotten us in our trouble—and, I'm sure, He will not let us suffer needlessly."

"You're a queer girl," Susan said, shortly. "I'm not made on the 'thankful-things-are-no-worse' plan, myself."

"Well, I'm glad I am," said Mary, quite brightly, now. "I seem to be constructed after the dear old Mother Goose fashion. You know she says: 'For every evil under the sun There is a remedy or there is none. If there be one, try and find it— If there be none, never mind it!'"

And, now, I must run along; and I'm going to speak quite frankly to Mrs. Grosvenor to-day, for if she knows just how we are situated perhaps she will interest herself to find me another place. I'll do anything, go anywhere, if only I can earn enough to keep mother and you comfortable—even though the dear old home must go."

Mary was now wrapped in her shabby cloak, and was pulling on her mittens.

"It's an awful day," said Susan, mournfully; "and dreadfully slippery; look out for yourself."

"I will! Kiss mother for me, when she awakes," and in another minute Mary was on her way, and battling bravely along against the driving snow and the fierce north wind.

The morning train that day had brought a stranger to this quiet town. He was rather a grim-looking personage, and was apparently in a very bad humor. It had been clear when he left the city in the early morning, and he found himself landed—umbrellaless—in a driving storm when he reached Hillsboro'. That had annoyed him, and his first thought was to take a train right back to town. But when on inquiry he found that there would be no return train until the one he had originally intended to take, late in the afternoon, he decided to go on and get his disagreeable business over with and done with.

Then he had found that there was no conveyance to be had at that forsaken station, and no telephone connection with any stable, and that there was nothing for him to do but to push forward on foot through the storm, which he finally did in an ever-increasing ill-humor.

He had but a mile to go—the man at the station had told him, and the road was straight, so he could not miss the small, white cottage, just this side of the covered wooden bridge. But the road had seemed to stretch out interminably, and the snow and freezing street combined to make walking more difficult at every step.

So there was not often a man in a worse humor than this man was, when the low, white cottage he was seeking at last came into sight. And now, as he suddenly hastened his footsteps, he somehow slipped and fell heavily, striking his head and doubling his left arm under him. But he made no murmur at this misadventure, but lay still and quite unconscious on the ground.

When he again opened his eyes, he was on the bed in a small, neat room; but all that he thought of at first was that his head was aching him terribly, while his arm was hurting him even more. Some one whom he could not see was fussing with his head and making the pain still worse. He felt so desperately cross and ill that he impatiently ordered the unseen meddler to leave him and his head alone.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant voice, "but it's a bad cut, and it should be dressed at once. I'm perfectly competent to do it, but your arm will have to wait until the doctor comes."

"What's the matter with my confounded arm?" He tried to move it, and groaned outright with the pain.

"It's broken, I'm afraid; but the doctor will be here to set it soon."

Then the hapless stranger fell to raving the place, the storm and his accident so soundly, that another voice, from another as yet unseen individual, spoke up in sharp rebuke: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to talk so—when we're doing our best to help you!"

"Oh, hush, Susan," broke in the pleasant voice. "He's suffering dreadfully; he really doesn't know what he's saying."

"Yes, I do!" said the stranger, gruffly. "I beg your pardon; but you've been hurting me like the devil!"

"Ah, here's the doctor," said the pleasant voice in a tone of relief. And then the stranger found himself transferred into the skillful hands of the professional—whose treatment of his wounds was much more rigorous than that of the deft and gentle fingers he had relied against but now.

When at last his head had been bandaged, and his arm had been set, the physician gave some brief instructions to his new patient. He would have to remain where he was for several days, and must keep very quiet, on account of the wound in his head.

"But I must return to town to-day," the stranger said, peremptorily. "I have an engagement for to-morrow—and Thanksgiving dinners are not to be put off!"

"All right, go," said the doctor, "and the consequences will be brain fever."

The stranger was silent for a moment. Then he said, shortly: "I see that I must submit. But how did this thing happen? Where am I? And who was fussing with me until you came?"

"You slipped on the icy path. Miss Mary North saw you fall, and when she reached you you were insensible. She ran to get help. Fortunately it happened within a few yards of her home, and she and her sister together managed to carry you in; and they must have found you a heavy load! Then Mary ran to my house—full quarter of a mile away—and left word for me to come here as soon as I got home. I found her working over you, and your scalp was all ready for the stitches when I came. She's a clever girl, was studying to be a nurse, but unfortunately the money gave out, and she couldn't go on. She had to turn nursery governess, instead."

"And the other, the sharp one, who's she?"

"The elder sister, Susan. Her tongue is sharp—but her heart's all right—and she's seen trouble enough to turn sweet grapes sour. That's all the family left now, except the mother, crippled with rheumatism, poor soul. Well, then, I'll tell you you are to be on their hands here for a day or two. I'll see you again, toward night, and bring you some things you will need, until you can get back to town. Anything I can do for you? Any message you want to send?"

The stranger dictated a telegram, explaining his detention to a member of a well-known firm in the city.

When the doctor heard the name, he looked up in surprise. "Then you came here from them—about the mortgage, I suppose?"

"I did—confound the entire business!"

"H'm," said the doctor, and went on writing at the stranger's dictation. The signature was also a surprise to the doctor. "Willard Blackwell! Why, then, you are the head of the firm yourself!"

"I am—is there anything strange about that?"

"Oh, no!" said the doctor; but involuntarily he sighed, and to himself he added: "Poor things, poor things!"

Another telegram was written to Mr. Blackwell's friends, to explain his enforced absence from their dinner-party on the morrow, and then the doctor left him, and Blackwell settled himself in grim endurance of the evils from which he could not escape.

By and by the door was softly opened, and, through his half-closed eyes, he saw a pretty girl looking in upon him.

"Hush, he's asleep—I'm glad of that," she said; and, from her pleasant voice he knew her to be, Mary North. Then she drew back, and the door was quietly closed.

But the next moment he heard her voice again, and so plainly that he thought she must be in the room, although he had certainly seen the door close upon her. He opened his eyes and looked about him curiously; and at last he saw that the room he was in was connected with the one adjoining it—where the speakers were—by an uncovered stovepipe hole.

The voice of Susan spoke up sharply: "Here's another thing to be thankful for! To think of it being Willard Blackwell—of all persons in the world! If I had known that, he might have



HIS HEAD BANDAGED AND HIS ARM IN A SLING.

"died outside there—I never would have lifted my hand to carry him in here!"

"Oh, Susan, yes, you would!"

"Indeed, I wouldn't! And, after all those awful letters he's written to mother; now he has come here just to turn us out. You saw how ugly and cross he was—we can't expect one grain of kindness at his hands."

"I shouldn't ask it," and here Mary's pleasant voice grew sad. "But it's a matter of business, Susan, and we mustn't blame him for it. We owe all that money; we can't pay it; so the mortgage is to be foreclosed, and we must go. He knows nothing about its always having been our home, and that all this trouble has come about without our knowledge. It's not his fault that we must go. I only wish I knew where we were to take poor mother, and how we could make it comfortable for her."

"On nothing a year!" supplemented Susan. "Yes, and if that selfish Mrs. Grosvenor hadn't decided to go off to the south, at a moment's notice, and throw you out of your position, we needn't have worried about that," she went on. "And now she doesn't even pay you what she owes you."

"But she will, Susan. She said she would send me a check next week."

"Next week—when we need it now! We're in a fine fix, truly! It was bad enough before; but now that we are saddled with this grumpy, horrid, cross old man—"

The involuntary eavesdropper started suddenly—for in spite of a few gray hairs upon his temples, Willard Blackwell had never thought of himself as old before—though grumpy and horrid and cross he most certainly had been.

"And our bitterest enemy!" the sharp voice went on. "He will expect all sorts of luxuries, I suppose; and we haven't but a few cents left in the house; and not a thing to set before him but porridge and pork and bread—without butter! And I will not run any further in debt."

"But your bread is delicious, Susan; and I'm sure he's welcome to the best we have."

"And he was to go to a swell Thanksgiving dinner in the city, to-morrow, doctor said! He'll have to give thanks here, on very different fare, and, for that part, I'm almost glad!"

"Oh, my goodness, Susan, look!"

"For pity's sake, what's the matter now?"

"The stove-pipe hole is uncovered," Mary cried, tragically; "and he can hear every word!"

"Serve him right if he had! But you said he was sound asleep."

The hole was quickly covered, and Willard Blackwell heard no more. But the various new sensations he had suddenly experienced gave him sufficient food for thought.

When the doctor came back at dusk he found a remarkable change had taken place in his grumpy patient, whose gruffness had now entirely vanished.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for my

bad humor this morning. As you could plainly see I had been—well—unset. And thank you for your kindness in loaning me these things. Could I ask another favor of you now?" Blackwell spoke with a curious, anxious diffidence. "It occurs to me that these—these kind ladies may not be entirely prepared for my sudden descent upon them—and, to-morrow being Thanksgiving, you know—well, I thought that perhaps they might allow me to supply the table, for one thing, while I am with them—and would you mind explaining to them that I would like to do so? And then, is there any place in the village from where you could send them in a good, fat turkey, and plenty of fruit and vegetables, and anything else you think they might like? I'd be no end obliged and grateful to you—and you don't think they'd be offended, do you? I'm such a duffer, and I've made such a bad impression to start with, that I must depend on you to help me out."

The doctor had looked at him in utter amazement; but, as their eyes met, he nodded and smiled; and, muttering his thanks, Blackwell thrust a roll of bank notes into his hand.

"He's not a bad fellow, after all!" the doctor said, triumphantly, to himself; and presently the matter was all arranged and the good doctor went rejoicing on his way.

But as soon as Blackwell was alone again, strange and disconcerting fancies swarmed through his mind. Would not this seem to his hostess merely a selfish man of the world's discourteous protest against the frugal fare which was all that they had been able to set before him? And he seemed

to hear Susan's shrewd interpretation of his action, and her scornful epithet of "Pig!"

His dinner and supper on that eventful day had certainly been meager enough, though they were daintily served by Mary herself; and his breakfast, next morning, was frugal, too—but not so the Thanksgiving dinner.

That was a beautiful and bountiful repast deliciously cooked, and set out by Susan and Mary. And Mrs. North was brought to the table in her rolling chair; and Willard Blackwell left his room, for the first time, to take his place at the table with the family.

He looked so soldierly and handsome with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling, that even Mary was surprised, and Susan certainly would never have recognized him as the "grumpy, horrid, cross old man" whom she had expected to see.

That Mrs. North had guessed his errand, he knew at once, by the way her voice trembled and broke as she tried to speak to him.

Susan was regarding him sternly—she could not for a moment forget that he was their "bitterest enemy." But Mary's eyes met his, and their pathetic wistfulness went suddenly to his heart.

He took Mrs. North's frail, white hand and bent over it. "Excuse me for speaking of it now," he said, "but you don't understand my intentions in the least. (He had not understood them himself until that very moment—when he seemed to read them in Mary's eyes.) I beg you not to fear that I will ever do anything to take from you the home which opened its hospitable doors to the wounded stranger. I assure you, everything can be arranged—without embarrassing you in the least."

"God bless you, sir!" was all the frail little woman could find words to say. But Blackwell, looking up, met Mary's eyes again, and now they were luminous like stars. And he thought he heard her murmur: "An angel unawares!"

They took their places in silence, and reverently bent their heads: "For the assurance we have just received, O Lord, we are truly thankful!" breathed Susan, and though it was not at all what she had meant to say, it was a good and sufficient grace.

For eight days Blackwell was a prisoner in that small white home. And when the doctor gave him leave to go back to his own world, he left there with regret.

On the last day, he suddenly asked Mary what her first impression of him had been.

"I thought you were quite the crossiest man I had ever seen!" she said, laughing.

"And—old, too, I suppose?" he ventured, doubtfully.

"Well, yes—quite middle-aged, and venerable! I never was so surprised as when you walked in to dinner on Thanksgiving day—for the 'cross old

fellow' we had talked about had entirely disappeared."

"And in his stead?" he questioned, eagerly.

And Mary smiled; though she only said: "Yourself!"

Blackwell carried away with him the consummation of the most thoroughly unbusiness-like business transaction of his life—but, with it, the memory of the loveliest girl's face that he had ever seen, transfigured now with happiness and gratitude. And he also carried with him the firm determination—which, in a year's time, was happily carried out—of utterly effacing that miserable first impression from ever. Susan's unelastic mind, and of winning, sweet Mary North to be his wife. —Judith Spencer, in Ladies' World, New York.

OUR THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Grand Custom Which Has Been Religiously Kept Since Its Institution by the Pilgrim Fathers.

There is no country in the world that celebrates Thanksgiving day as our own.

From the time the Pilgrim fathers landed and instituted this festival, it has been religiously kept. In their poverty and hard labor, when cultivating the sterile soil of New England, they felt a deep sense of gratitude when the season for gathering the crops arrived, and a day for thanking the Giver of all good was set aside.

Even the ancient Hebrews went up to Jerusalem at the harvest season to worship in the holy temple—a once-a-year festival, and one to correspond with our Thanksgiving.

The most beautiful feature of the day apart from the real meaning is the recognition of family ties—a holiday for the home coming, the greeting of the children and grandchildren all under the paternal roof, the social chat, the exchanging of experiences, the games of children—all combine to make it a day of social pleasure.

Then let memory linger around the Thanksgiving table laden with good things—the turkey, ducks, chicken pies, to say nothing of the plum puddings, mince pies, nuts, fruit, etc. Many and sweet are the recollections of such occasions, and bright and strong stands out the moving factor of it all—the mother, loved and honored—she it is who loves to gather together her own around her and thinks no labor too great to give them pleasure. The home blessed by a good mother has cause to keep a grand Thanksgiving, not only to praise God for all His bounty to the body, but for a still greater blessing, a mother who ministers to both body and soul.

Would that all of our readers could gather around them on this Thanksgiving day all their loved ones, and unite with grateful hearts in giving thanks for all the blessings which are theirs.—Atlanta Constitution.

COLONIAL CORN FESTIVALS.

Pleasant Memories Recalled by Stories of Thanksgiving Day Merrymaking on the Farm.

Writing on the old-time corn-husking festival, as a form of Thanksgiving merriment, in the Woman's Home Companion, Ezekiah Butterworth says:

"At one of these corn festivals, given for a local charity in a New England city, a day was allotted to the husking and the thanksgiving stories of colonial days, and I was asked to present some account of old huskings and to arrange some of the old legends en tableau, in the spirit and coloring of the past. My mind turned to set, tles, chimney-corners, red ears of corn, pumpkins, great barns and cribs, frosty airs and the full hunter's moon. I can seem to see those harvest seasons now as I used to know them with their mellowing splendors and joyous farm life, and it is always a pleasure to repeat the husking tales as they come back to me, as well as I can; but no one can tell them as did the old-time natural story-tellers. To one who lived on a farm in his boyhood the memory of the husking must ever be a pleasing picture. How full of joyous life those harvests were. The rielow days of September passed; the cranberry meadows grew red, the fringed gentians bloomed; the witch-hazel flowered amid the falling of gold and russet leaves; there was a cider odor in the orchards where the ground was covered with apples; the product of the corn-fields was drawn away by oxen and piled into a heap, usually in some sheltered meadow."

GETTING EVEN.

"Willie, you'll be sick," said his mother, as he handed up his plate for more of the fowl; "this is the third time you have been helped." "I know it, mamma," replied the little five-year-old, "but that turkey pecked at me once, and I'm getting even."—Chicago Daily News.

Do You?

Do you know of any deserving poor family that is likely to go without a Thanksgiving dinner unless you provide it? If so, then what?

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—In an heroic effort to save his mother from his stepfather's brutality, Wm. Lindemayer, aged 14 years, was Friday shot in the head by the stepfather, Jas. Clements, and now lies in the hospital in a precarious condition. Another son, Geo. Lindemayer, was shot in the head, but the wound is not of a serious character.

Cruisers Ordered to Havana and Porto Rico.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—It was reported at League Island navy yard Friday that orders had been received from Washington Friday morning directing the cruiser Topeka to leave for Havana Saturday. It was also stated that the auxiliary cruiser Panther will be ordered to Porto Rico within a few days.

After Pensions.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Claims on account of the Spanish war are now coming in rapidly in the pension department. The total on file up to date is 1,947 for war service and 178 for naval service, exclusive of the claims of the battleship Maine victims.

Dreyfus Hears the News.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—The governor of French Guiana has sent a dispatch to the colonial office here saying Alfred Dreyfus, the former French officer undergoing imprisonment for life on Devil's Island, has been informed of the revision proceedings in his case.

Wilso W. Estes Dead.

BEXTON, Ky., Nov. 19.—Wilso W. Estes, one of this county's most influential citizens, is dead, aged 65 years. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member.

THE REVISED PEACE TERMS.

The Maine, Our Losses to Commerce, Pension in Rio, Our War Debt, Etc., Placed Against the Philippines.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—The United States commissioners are devoting Friday as they did Thursday, to formulating their next presentation for the consideration of the Spanish commissioners.

While the Americans are reticent as to their intentions, it may be said without reserve that the occasion is near upon which the exact peace terms acceptable to the American peace commissioners will be laid before the Spaniards with a time limit for their acceptance.

As previously indicated in these dispatches, the American commissioners will not involve the United States in any obligation to the creditors of Spain in any shape or form. In other words, the Americans will not guarantee any of the Spanish bonds, even though Spain may have mortgaged as security the revenues of territory to be taken by the United States.

As set forth in these dispatches on October 31 and previously, the United States may now balance its war ledger, debiting to Spain the value of battle ship Maine, the cost of the naval and military operations, the losses incurred by American commerce and the future pension roll, etc., while on the other side of the sheet may be placed Spain's equities and values in the Philippine islands. If a difference is found to exist in favor of Spain this amount, in cash, may be offered her by the American commissioners at the next joint session here. What this balance may be is not definitely known, but it may be about \$20,000,000, or possibly less. The Americans may also require until next Monday or Tuesday to prepare the final presentation of their case, which was understood at the adjournment of Wednesday last.

A STATE OF TERROR REIGNS.

Numerous Encounters Between Negroes and Striking Miners at Panama—Both Sides Heavily Armed.

PANA, Ills., Nov. 19.—The town has been kept in a state of terror all evening by numerous encounters between Negroes and striking miners. Both are heavily armed and use their ammunition freely. About 7 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Sid Watts, who was returning from the Springside mine where he had been on duty, was shot from ambush. The bullet took effect in his right arm, which had to be amputated. A number of residences have been pierced by bullets and those who are able to do so have sent their families to the country. The principal streets are patrolled by soldiers. Capt. Butler had a long conversation by telephone with Gov. Tanner Friday evening and it is said more troops will be here Saturday.

Murder Near Alton, Ill.

ALTON, Ill., Nov. 19.—George S. Harrison, a prominent resident of Upper Alton was murdered early Friday evening, one mile east of Upper Alton, while returning from one of his farms. It is presumed a robbery was intended and that the horse ran away when a shot was fired. The horse ran home with Harrison's dead body in the buggy. The police have put bloodhounds on the murderous trail.

Friests of Demeter.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 19.—The climax of the great national grange meetings in this city was reached Friday evening, when more than 1,000 Patrons of Husbandry were advanced to the highest body of grangedom, the seventh degree of Priests of Demeter. The members of this great class, one of the largest in the history of the grange, came from every section of the country.

Shot by Their Stepfather.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—In an heroic effort to save his mother from his stepfather's brutality, Wm. Lindemayer, aged 14 years, was Friday shot in the head by the stepfather, Jas. Clements, and now lies in the hospital in a precarious condition. Another son, Geo. Lindemayer, was shot in the head, but the wound is not of a serious character.

Cruisers Ordered to Havana and Porto Rico.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—It was reported at League Island navy yard Friday that orders had been received from Washington Friday morning directing the cruiser Topeka to leave for Havana Saturday. It was also stated that the auxiliary cruiser Panther will be ordered to Porto Rico within a few days.

After Pensions.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Claims on account of the Spanish war are now coming in rapidly in the pension department. The total on file up to date is 1,947 for war service and 178 for naval service, exclusive of the claims of the battleship Maine victims.

Dreyfus Hears the News.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—The governor of French Guiana has sent a dispatch to the colonial office here saying Alfred Dreyfus, the former French officer undergoing imprisonment for life on Devil's Island, has been informed of the revision proceedings in his case.

Wilso W. Estes Dead.

BEXTON, Ky., Nov. 19.—Wilso W. Estes, one of this county's most influential citizens, is dead, aged 65 years. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, Editor.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter.
Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion.
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line rates.
Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

Unjust Discrimination Against a Bank in Favor of an Individual.

Every person who is even tolerably well informed knows the difference between the assessment of a bank and that of an individual for taxation.

Banks are required to make sworn statements of their condition four times a year. These statements set out fully every item of assets the bank claims to have. Not so much as even one penny is omitted and the statement shows not the fair cash value of the bank's assets, but the value at which it is carried on the books of the bank, and if the bank has any bad or questionable paper on its books this paper is shown in its statement at face value. The banks are expected to pay tax on their assets as shown by those statements.

As to how the individual gives in his property for taxation every individual knows. THE NEWS doubts whether there are five persons in the city of Paris who have as much as five thousand dollars' worth of taxable property who give in more than 50 per cent. of it for taxation. It is certain that a great many do not give in as much as fifty per cent. In addition to this the Council appoints a Board of Equalization who equalize what property is given in on a basis of 70 per cent. of its fair cash value.

Yet when the banks object to paying tax on statements which show their assets far in excess of their actual cash value, (for the cash value of a bank's assets is what could be realized on them in event of liquidation), people who do not know or who do not think say "they are objecting to paying tax like other people."

A Council ought to be composed of business men and certainly business men know that instead of objecting to paying tax "like other people," that is exactly what the banks are asking to be allowed to do.

The Presidential Pendulum.

The last seven presidential elections have been carried alternately, with the regularity of a four-year-old clock, by each of the two great political parties. The record is:

1872—Grant, Republican.
1876—Tilden, Democrat.
1880—Garfield, Republican.
1884—Cleveland, Democrat.
1888—Harrison, Republican.
1892—Cleveland, Democrat.
1896—McKinley, Republican.

In 1900, according to rule, the President should again be a Democrat.

Will history repeat itself? And who will be the man?

The New York Journal is "agin" Joe Bailey as a leader in the House.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Other Kentucky Cities Compromising With The Banks.

Winchester, Mt Sterling, Cynthiana, Maysville, Lexington, Danville, Georgetown, Louisville, Elizabethtown, Owensboro, Henderson, Paducah, in fact almost every town of consequence in Kentucky, has compromised the tax claims against the banks. Paris almost alone holds out for the last drop of blood. Perhaps the Council thinks they have the approval of the business men and tax-payers of the city in going into a long harassing and expensive litigation with the banks in which success is doubtful to say the least, and in which a large part of whatever by any crook is wrong from the banks will be swallowed up in lawyers' fees and other costs of litigation, but THE NEWS is quite sure that the business men of Paris and the people who pay taxes, and who expect to pay taxes for the future, desire a fair settlement of the tax question with the banks so that the present capitalization of the banks may remain intact for future taxation.

THE NEWS makes no pretense to argue the legal aspect of the question. Very great wrongs may be and often are perpetrated with the sanction of the law, and it may be possible that the banks may be made by legal processes to pay tax to the city for 1893 and 1894, notwithstanding that under a decision of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky they were required to pay and did pay tax for those years under the Hewitt Law whose provisions required all tax to be paid to the state and none to the city; but no fair man could believe it right to make them pay for those years whatever the courts, at the importunity of the two or three who are demanding; the last drop, may decide in the premises.

The banks paid while the first decision of the Court of Appeals was in force, all taxes owing by them and all that could be legally demanded of them for the years '93 and '94. They paid their taxes as required by that decision. They were compelled to pay. They paid a large sum which cannot be recovered. They paid relying upon that decision. If they had no right to rely upon that decision they have no right to rely upon any decision of that court.

It is claimed by the Council that they must pay under the last decision. How is the last decision any more authoritative or binding than the first? Are they not decisions of the same court? If the banks pay under the present decision would they not be protected in doing so? Unquestionably. Then how can the Council claim that they are not protected by paying while the first decision was in force as required by that decision? If they should pay under the last decision, and in eight or ten years the Court should again reverse itself would any one think it right that they should lose all the money they had paid in the meantime in complying with the requirements of the present decision? To claim that the banks are not protected by complying with the requirements of the first decision of the Court of Appeals on this subject and paying tax as required by that decision would, if upheld by the courts, render it impossible for any one ever to know what his rights are. To an ordinary man, unacquainted with legal subtleties, the law, whenever it has been interpreted by the highest Court, is whatever that interpretation makes it, and the citizen has a right to accept that interpretation as his guide and rule of conduct and be governed by it in the discharge of his duties whether it be the duty of paying tax or any other duty, and if the courts will not protect him in this then his rights are without legal definition and there is an end to all business enterprise.

The banks paid all the tax due from them for 1893 and '94 under a decision of the highest court. Does anyone believe that if they were individuals and not banks the question of taxation for those years would have been raised against them? Certainly not.

Notwithstanding the claim has been made that the Henderson banks were sued for taxes for '93 and '94 and judgment was given against them and they had so little hope of reversing the judgment that they paid up dollar for dollar without ever taking an appeal, and the fact is that no bank in Kentucky has paid any back tax except on a compromise, and in nearly every case the compromises have been much more favorable to the banks than that offered by the Paris banks and rejected by the Council. Instead of the Henderson banks paying dollar for dollar of the tax claimed by the city of Henderson for 1893 and 1894 under judgment of the court, the fact is that the case never came to trial at all but was compromised out of court and an agreed judgment rendered under which the banks paid about 50 per cent. of the tax claimed by the city. So far from the Council having "no right" to compromise the court (in the Henderson case) accepted the compromise as the basis of the judgment rendered. All other City Councils have "the right" to compromise except the Paris Council.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free.
HAGGARD & REED.

Letter From a Soldier.

FAJARDO, PORTO RICO, Nov. 3d.

DEAR WALTER:

I am now surgeon of Co. F, N. Y. Vol. Inf., and they are stationed here for Garrison duty until spring, as this is a regular port now. We have been here two weeks today. The health of Co. is good so far. I made an inspection of the town and found everything in good sanitary condition and there is no reason why the Company should not have good health.

I am still in hopes of eating Christmas dinner in Paris. I can hardly realize that I have been in the army six months. You said in your paper that I had been promoted to Captain, which is a mistake, I have had two promotions since I have been in the army—one from private to Sergeant, and from Sergeant to First Lieutenant.

The people of Fajardo received us with open arms and have treated us like kings. They cannot do enough for us. Fajardo is a sea coast town of about ten thousand. The country around here is very rich with coffee and sugar. Every afternoon I take a ten mile ride over the country and enjoy it very much.

I send you enclosed a copy of the "Long Roll," published by some of the boys of the Company. I don't get your paper as often as I would like. Wish you would forward it to me.

Very Truly,
B. F. FRANK.

HAVING been solicited by a number of persons to open a cooking school in Paris this Fall, I have decided to do so early in October if a sufficient number of pupils can be secured. All persons desiring to take one or more lessons, will please give me their names within the next few days. I wish to state that I have made arrangements with Mr. Seiger, of Louisville, to furnish on short notice, individual ices, fancy cakes and ornaments for serving same. Terms—Ten lessons \$4; single lesson 50c.

MRS. W. A. JOHNSON.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (it does 10c) large size 50c and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky.

Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty.
(9nov-1f) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best of reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

An Incendiary Fire

LIKE all other conflagrations, strikes a business man when he can least afford it. The only safe way is to carry sufficient insurance to make you safe in any event. I write policies for the best insurance companies—sound, and as cheap as any agent.

T. PORTER SMITH,
PARIS, KY.

CARPETS and matings greatly reduced at J. T. Hinton's.
(1f)

Fine Figure

Many women lose their girlish forms after they become mothers. This is due to neglect. The figure can be preserved beyond question if the expectant mother will constantly use

Mother's Friend



during the whole period of pregnancy. The earlier its use is begun, the more perfectly will the shape be preserved.

Mother's Friend not only softens and relaxes the muscles during the great strain before birth, but helps the skin to contract naturally afterward. It keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the muscles underneath retain their pliability.

Mother's Friend is that famous external liniment which banishes morning sickness and nervousness during pregnancy; shortens labor and makes it nearly painless; builds up the patient's constitutional strength, so that she emerges from the ordeal without danger. The little one, too, shows the effects of Mother's Friend by its robustness and vigor.

Sold at drug stores for \$1 a bottle.

Send for our finely illustrated book for expectant mothers.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

NUPTIAL KNOTS

Engagements, Announcements And Solennizations Of The Marriage Vows.

Mary, Susie and Jessie Brooks, of Lexington, will each marry a soldier lover before the Seventh Immunes leaves Lexington.

Rev. F. W. Eberhardt, of this city, was the officiating minister at the wedding of Mr. John Taylor, of Pine Bluff, Ark., and Miss Lena Preston, of Covington, at the bride's home last week. Mrs. Eberhardt, of this city, and Mr. John LaRue and Miss Tillie LaRue, of Shavhan, were among the wedding guests.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Requiem high mass was held over the remains of Mary Elizabeth Grosche at the Catholic church Saturday morning by Rev. Father Burke. A very large attendance and profuse floral offerings attested the esteem in which this lovely young girl was held. She was just 18 years old—bright, amiable and intelligent—and her demise, after a prolonged illness of fever, was particularly sad.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

On Vine street yesterday to the wife of W. L. Chappell, an L. & N. freight conductor, a son.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Corn is selling here at \$1.25 per barrel, delivered.

Jonas Weil shipped 950 export cattle from this county last week.

Fattening hogs for home use are selling at \$3.25 per hundred in this county.

C. C. Brent & Bro. have sold 60,000 pounds of hemp to W. J. Loughridge at \$1.40.

WANTED.—New corn; immediate delivery.
(1f)

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT.

Wm. P. Bedford delivered Friday to Jonas Weil seventy-one 1,580-lb. cattle at \$4.85. Claude M. Thomas also delivered eleven extra short horns to same.

Four Fleming county men who contracted to strip J. W. Wallingford's crop of tobacco got into the wrong barn and didn't discover their mistake until they had stripped all of another man's crop.

SALESMAN can add Factory line easily good for \$100 monthly coms. Free samples.
Rubber Co., 18 Cliff St., New York.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-office.
(1f)

FOR RENT—Three well located rooms, situated on the corner of Pleasant and Fourth Sts. Address, Lock Box 358, Paris, Ky.
(1f)

Insure in my agency—non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

INSURE against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co.—lower rates and absolutely safe insurance.
O. W. MILLER, Agent,
PARIS KY.

Barber Shop Moved.

BUCK AND BILL have moved their barber shop across the street, and now have the handsomest barber shop and bath rooms ever in Paris. All work done with neatness and dispatch. With thanks for past favors, Buck and Bill solicit a liberal share of the public patronage.
(1f)

WANTED.—Eggs and butter.
GEO. N. PARRIS.

If your Boys from 3 to 15 years old, need a good all wool knee pants suit, which is sewed with silk, call at Price & Co's, where you will save money.

You can save big money by having your papering done now by J. T. Hinton.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

Top and Storm overcoats for men, from \$5 to \$25, at Price & Co's.

Dr. Adair's Dental Parlors.

HAVING recently been several times asked if I was still conducting my dental parlors, I desire to inform the public that I am still at their service and can be found at my office opposite the Court-house. My interest in a bowling alley does not conflict with my practice. See my card in another column.
(10oct1t) J. R. ADAIR, D. D. S.

Catarrh Leads to Consumption.

A Forerunner of the Most Fatal Disease.

Though its offensive features are sometimes almost unbearable, few people are aware of the danger of which Catarrh is the forerunner. Catarrh invariably leads to Consumption. Growing worse and worse each winter, those who rely upon the usual treatment of sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures find that it is impossible to check the disease with these local applications which only reach the surface. The offensive discharge increases all the while, causing a feeling of personal defilement, and gets deeper and deeper until it is only a question of a short time until the lungs are affected.

The importance of the proper treatment can therefore be readily appreciated. But no good whatever can be expected from local applications, as such treatment never did cure Catarrh, and never will.

"I had such a severe case of Catarrh that I lost my hearing in one ear, and part of the bone in my nose sloughed off. I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, but each winter the disease seemed to have a firmer hold on me. I had finally been declared incurable when I decided to try S. S. S. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease, and cured me permanently. For I have had no touch of Catarrh for seven years."

"MRS. JOSEPHINE POLHILL,
"Due West, S. C."

Those who have had the first touch of Catarrh will save endless suffering by taking the right remedy at the outset. Others who have for years sought relief and found only disappointment in local treatment will find it wise to waste no further time on sprays, washes, inhaling mixtures, etc., which are only temporary and can not save them from Consumption. Catarrh is a deep-seated blood disease. S. S. S. is the only remedy which can reach the very bottom of the disease and cure it permanently.

Books sent free by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Dissolution Notice.

PARIS KY., Nov. 3, 1898.

By mutual consent, the firms doing business under the name and style of Spears & Stuart and J. H. Hibler & Co., have this day dissolved and "E. F. Spears & Sons" are their successors. All persons indebted to the above firms may settle the same with either E. F. Spears or Jno. Stuart, one or both of whom will be found at the down town house formerly occupied by Spears & Stuart. Spears & Stuart are responsible for all debts contracted by the firms of Spears & Stuart and J. H. Hibler & Co.

SPEARS & STUART,
J. H. HIBLER & CO.
(4nov-4t)

N. C. FISHER, Attorney-At-Law.

Office over Agricultural Bank.
Paris, Kentucky.



I have just received a new invoice of lace curtains. They are the latest and best things in the market. You will do well to examine into these values.

THE LARGEST and CHEAPEST line of COMFORTS in Paris.

If you have any PAPERING to do get my prices NOW. You can save BIG MONEY.

CLOSING-OUT prices on CARPETS and MATTINGS.

J. T. HINTON.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings.
Send me your old furniture to be repaired.
Your furniture moved by experienced hands.
Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00.
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

TAX NOTICE.

Pay your taxes at once and save six per cent. penalty and cost of advertising, which goes on all taxes remaining unpaid December 1, 1898.

G. W. BOWEN,
S. B. C.

ELKS' meeting tonight. Business of importance.

Jacob Keller, of Kiserstown, is quite ill of pneumonia.

ELD. J. T. SHARRARD's meeting at Oxford Church closed with eight additions.

MISS JESSIE TURNER's sorrel mare was killed by an L. & N. train several days ago.

EDITOR W. P. WALTON, of the Stanford Journal, has a hen which has adopted a kitten.

THE dedication of the Kentucky monument at Chickamauga has been indefinitely postponed.

THE Deavers school-house which was demolished by a cyclone about three weeks ago will be rebuilt immediately.

H. MARGOLEN is paying the highest cash price for hides, feathers and furs—next door to Agricultural Bank. n21-1t

BUY something nice for your Thanksgiving dinner at the sale in the Nippert building conducted by the Christian ladies.

THE Louisville and Nashville now has 20,375 freight cars, and since 1892 has spent for new equipment over \$3,000,000.

MANY of the colored citizens who patronized "scursions" during the summer will now be thankful for cast off clothing, coal and provisions.

DR. C. H. BOWEN, the optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s to-morrow, Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, instead of Thursday, that being Thanksgiving day. (1t)

BOB GREEN was painfully injured near this city Saturday by the explosion of a gun which he was handling. Pieces of the barrel cut his shoulder, neck and face and forehead.

THE Fall meeting of the Kentucky Association began yesterday at Lexington, and will continue ten days. Some of the best horses in the West will start at this meeting, and fine sport is assured.

At the administrator's sale, Nov. 25th, of R. G. Stoner's stock, crop, etc., among the Shetland ponies are three yearlings and weanlings; several sows with pigs, and some thirty head of fat sheep. (2t)

FARMS do not have to be posted now. Under the late law no one must hunt on any property without first obtaining the consent of the owner. A fine of from \$5 to \$25 is the penalty for a violation of this law.

Charlie Moore, the "heathen" editor, called on Prof. Rucker at Georgetown the other day and warned him not to cross his path, for he (Moore) in frenzy might kill him. Moore blames Prof. Rucker with causing his arrest.

Horton Moore, a rising young lawyer, formerly of this county, distinguished himself recently at Albuquerque, N. M., his new home, by a speech at the Democratic convention in nominating Hon. H. B. Ferguson for Congress.

A RECENT ruling of the Internal revenue department permits a depositor to receive money over the counter at a bank by signing a receipt for same without affixing the war stamp. The receipts can only be signed in person at bank.

Bourbon Farm Sold.

Saturday Mrs. Amelia Leer sold her "Glenwater" farm containing 272 acres, two roads and ten poles, on the Jackstown pike, to Mr. Amos Turner. The price was seventy-five dollars cash per acre.

Some Hunting Parties.

THOS. H. CLAY, JR., J. M. Brennan and Warren Bacon left yesterday for a hunting trip in Fleming county.

Dan Peed, O. L. Davis, Frank Clay and Harry Clay arrived home Saturday from a successful hunt in Bath county.

Catesby Woodford, who has been on a deer hunt in Michigan for three weeks, was expected home last night.

Aged Man's Narrow Escape.

Saturday morning while Deputy Sheriff Jas. Burke and wife were in Paris attending a funeral their home at Myall, two miles North of Paris, caught fire in some unknown way and was entirely destroyed. Patrick Burke, aged ninety, father of the Burke boys, was the only person in the house at the time, sitting in the kitchen calmly smoking his pipe. He knew nothing of the fire and would have been burned to death had he not been heroically rescued by Courtland Leer. From his home Mr. Leer saw the fire and ran to the house, and through the flames saw the old man sitting in the kitchen. Wrapping his head in his overcoat he dashed through the burning rooms and rescued the aged man from a terrible death, for a moment later the roof fell in. The contents of the house, including handsome bridal presents, were entirely destroyed. Mr. Burke and wife arrived home in time to see their home in ruins. The house was insured for \$500 in Smith & Arnsperger's agency, and one hour after the fire the loss was paid.

Special Turkey Trains.

The shipment of dressed turkeys to the Eastern markets was so heavy Friday and Saturday that the L. & N. was compelled to run special turkey trains out of this city. The train Friday was composed of five cars, and hauled 150,000 pounds of dressed turkey. The train Saturday was composed of three cars. The consignments were from Paris, Flemingsburg, Carlisle, Winchester, Richmond and Ansterlitz. In addition to these shipments thousands of pounds have been shipped by freight in refrigerator cars.

Notwithstanding the fact that the turkey crop is larger in Bourbon than it has been for years, turkeys have sold for eight cents a pound on foot. The turkey crop will leave thousands of dollars in the pockets of the farmers of central Kentucky.

An Enterprising Firm.

C. S. Brent & Bro., of this city, one of the most enterprising firms in Central Kentucky, have placed THE NEWS under obligations to them for a fine dressed turkey. Brent & Bro. are the most extensive buyers of turkeys in Kentucky, shipping from Paris, Carlisle and Flemingsburg. They are liberal buyers and circulate thousands of dollars every year in Bourbon in payment for turkeys and having them picked. Besides the turkey trade, this enterprising firm pays out large sums to Bourbon farmers for Blue-rass seed and hemp. The success of the firm is gratifying to their many friends.

A Train Derailed.

The afternoon train from Maysville struck a bolt which was lying on the track near Porter's station, a mile from Millersburg, and the engine and baggage car were derailed. The engine, which was going a forty mile clip, ran about a hundred yards on the ties before it could be stopped. The fireman leaped from the cab when the engine left the track but engineer Ed Mason stuck to his post until the engine was stopped. None of the passengers were injured but the train was delayed about five hours.

Important Docket.

THE November term of the Bourbon Circuit Court will begin Monday with a large docket, comprising 299 old equity cases, 55 old ordinary, 54 Commonwealth cases and 87 appearances. The most important cases are the bank tax cases, the Utterback murder case, and the Hatchcraft will case. There are about twenty divorce suits on the docket, and several of them are expected to bring out interesting developments.

Thanksgiving Services.

Thanksgiving services will be held at half-past ten o'clock Thursday morning at the Christian church. Eld. J. S. Sweeney will be in charge of the services throughout. Rev. E. H. Rutherford, D. D., will preach the sermon. The other ministers of the city will be present and take part in the public worship.

Rev. Eberhardt at Georgetown.

Rev. Eberhardt's meeting at Georgetown is being well attended and is proving to be very successful. Up to Friday night there had been seven confessions. Rev. Eberhardt's pulpit in this city was ably filled Sunday by Rev. Z. T. Cody, and it will be filled again next Sunday by Rev. Cody or Rev. Crumpton.

A Narrow Escape.

R. J. WHALEY, the postal clerk, who runs on the Kentucky Midland between Paris and Frankfort, narrowly escaped being killed at Midway several days ago. In attempting to board a C. & O. train he fell under the wheels but was rescued without injury by a negro man.

L. & N. Reduced Rates.

The L. & N. will sell round trip tickets to Lexington this week at eighty cents on account of the running races. Tickets to Carlisle and return will be sold today at one fare on account of the street fair.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Miss Nellie Stoker is visiting friends in Cincinnati.

—Mrs. D. D. Eads left yesterday for Carthage, Mo.

—Mr. Will Simms is home from a trip in the Southwest.

—Mr. J. T. Batson, of Lexington, was in the city yesterday.

—Mrs. Chas. Fothergill has been very ill for several days.

—Mr. Sam Clay arrived home yesterday from Kansas City.

—Prof. Edwin Boone, the hypnotist, is at home for a short visit.

—Miss Sythie Kern left yesterday for visit to relatives in St. Louis.

—Attorney Clifton Arnsperger, made a trip to Louisville yesterday.

—Jas. Chambers attended the Asylum ball at Lexington, Friday night.

—Miss Maymie Fanslers, of Lexington, is the guest Miss Emma Lou Hite.

—Mr. Will Shire is here from Cincinnati to spend a week or two in Paris.

—Mrs. Speed Hibler has returned from a visit to relatives in Richmond.

—Mr. Thomas Owens, of Carlisle, was in the city yesterday on legal business.

—Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Donaldson, of Lexington, are visiting relatives in the city.

—Mrs. Belle Sanders, of near Cincinnati, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Allie Sidener.

—Mr. J. M. Hall has been in Cincinnati for several weeks receiving medical treatment.

—Dr. Vansant, of Mt. Sterling, was the guest Sunday of his brother, Dr. J. T. Vansant.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Massie, of Lexington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Massie.

—Hon. Sam Kash, of Clay county, has been in the city several days visiting Mr. Sherman Stivers.

—Hon. Chas. Stoll, late of Lexington, now of New York, was in the city yesterday on business.

—Dr. H. A. Smith leaves this morning for a visit to his home in Ohio. He will return Sunday.

—The Violet Whist Club was entertained Friday afternoon by Miss Lucy Johnson, on Third Street.

—Miss Mary Bashford arrived home last night from an extended visit to friends in Columbus, Ohio.

—Miss Maude Miller arrived last evening from Irvine, to be the guest of Miss Ida Friend on Mt. Airy Avenue.

—Mr. E. T. Shipp, who is traveling for a Boston shoe firm, is here from a trip to New Orleans on a visit to his old home.

—Mr. Chas. Hill and bride arrived home yesterday from Louisville. They will board with Mr. Sam Kerslake, father of the bride.

—Capt. Dan Turney went to Cincinnati yesterday to consult his physician. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Frank Clay.

—Miss Laura Boone, of Wichita, Kansas, is the guest of Miss Mamie Rion. Miss Boone will spend the winter with relatives in the county.

—The Saffola Club will give an elegant dance to-morrow evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Saxton's orchestra will furnish the music for the ball.

—A delightful bowling party was given last night in honor of Miss Lucy Montgomery, of Elizabethtown, who is the guest of Miss Bertha Hinton.

—Mrs. J. T. Hinton, Jr., who arrived home last week from the Good Samaritan Hospital, is improving nicely, much to the gratification of her friends.

—Sergeant Winsor Letton, who has been ill of typhoid fever at Lexington since the Second Kentucky came home from Chickamauga, is improving slowly at the Protestant Infirmary.

—Miss Lucretia Barnes, of Nicholasville, who has been visiting in Mason, arrived yesterday to be the guest of Mrs. W. E. Board. Miss Belle Fish will arrive tomorrow to visit Mrs. Board.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Gregg, of 116 South Water street, Crawfordsville, Indiana, have issued invitations for a reception to be given on December 1st in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Gregg, who were married in this city last Wednesday. Mrs. McKnight will give a reception in their honor at a later date.

—Mrs. Palmer Graham and son, of Terre Haute, and Mrs. W. W. Goltra and son, of Crawfordsville, Ind., who came to Paris several weeks ago for a visit and to attend the Gregg-Jameson wedding, will return to their home tomorrow. Miss Kate Jameson will accompany her sister Mrs. Graham, to Terre Haute to spend the winter.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hedges entertained a number of guests one night last week, at their home near North Middletown, in honor of their crystal wedding, and received many presents and warm congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Hedges were attired in their wedding costumes of fifteen years ago. A splendid supper, music and cards made the evening pass very pleasantly.

A Thanksgiving Entertainment.

The ladies of the Methodist church, not being able to arrange a second date with the Rock Band, have engaged Dr. Rider for the illustrated "Ben Hur" entertainment at the Methodist church, on Thanksgiving night. The entertainment has the endorsement of the leading ministers and educators of the South. Admission to the entertainment, 25 and 35 cents. Persons holding Rock Band tickets will be admitted. The entertainment will begin at 7:30, and the social which was announced for Thursday night will be held immediately after the entertainment.

Court Features.

Yesterday in Judge Parnell's court Hannah Wilson and Lizzie Jackson, both colored, were each fined \$33.10 for using obscene, profane and abusive language and making themselves generally obnoxious.

Dora Berry and Dora Alexander, two colored damsels who reside in "Sandy Bottom" will be tried in Judge Webb's court this morning for raising sand on the Sabbath.

Dick Tetter was fined \$7.50 yesterday for carrying a bag and a razor.

Suicide of Mrs. Gillespie.

Mrs. Malinda Gillespie, wife of Ned Gillespie, a prominent farmer of the Plum neighborhood, ended her life Saturday morning by taking strychnine. She had been in ill health for a long time and this was supposed to be the reason for the act. She had bathed and put on her best clothes to be ready for death. She had even laid out her husband's best clothes, and when it was too late to save her life she told him that she had taken poison.

The Football Game.

THE second eleven from State College came down Saturday from Lexington to play the Paris Athletic Club at Bacon's grove, but the Lexington boys left the field after the first half had been played, thus forfeiting the game to the Paris eleven. The local team would have won the game with ease.

The Maysville football team may play here Thursday.

BOWLING NOTES.

The Mt. Sterling team may come to Paris Friday night for a series of games.

Bowling is still the popular fad in Cynthiana. At a recent party Miss Elizabeth Lebus scored 129, and Miss Minerva Reese made 113.

The latest additions to the 200 list are W. Hinton, Jr., 215; E. A. Richey, 205, and Pearce Paton 201. Seventeen scores better than 200 have been made at the Pastime Alleys.

The Cynthiana Bowling team will come to Paris tonight for a series of games with the volunteer team at the Pastime Alleys. Special seats have been arranged for ladies. The game will be interesting and should attract a large crowd.

For Sale.

Thirty-one 1,000-lb. feeders, good quality.
ROBT. S. THOMPSON, Manager,
(22nov-1t) ESCONDIDA, KY.

Executor's Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Mrs. Blanche M. Alexander will kindly pay at once and all persons holding claims against said estate will present the same duly proven to
JOHN M. BRENNAN,
(15nov-2wk) Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

As Administrator of the estate of Robt. G. Stoner, deceased, the undersigned will, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1898,

beginning at ten o'clock a. m. on his late home farm, situated about 24 miles from Paris, on the Paris & Little Rock turnpike, expose to public sale the following personal property:

16 head of 2-year-old cattle, good feeders.
4 pair of mules, extra work stock.
5 first-class milk cows.
6 yearling Jersey heifers.
4 yearling Jersey steers.
1 Jersey bull.
One half interest in a Shetland stallion.
4 Shetland mares.
1 Shetland foal.
2 harness horses.
21 head of hogs.
About 200 barrels of corn.
3 two-horse wagons and frames.
4 double sets of wagon harness.
Spring wagon, dump cart.
Buck-board, break cart.
Plows, 1 corn-marker, 1 grind stone, 1,000 fence posts, 15 gate posts, etc.
Shetland ponies—three yearlings and one weanling.
Several sows with pigs.
Some 30 head of fat shoats.

TERMS.—Three months credit, the purchaser to execute note negotiable and payable in bank with good surety to be approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from date of sale at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, or the purchaser may pay cash. Sums under \$50 cash.

JAS. R. ROGERS,

Admr. Robt. G. Stoner's estate.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer. (1d)

GO TO

G. Tucker's Store

FOR

DRESS GOODS.

For all the new and up to date dress goods including the new covers, diagonals, crepons, Etamines, etc., come to us, we can please you in style and price.

JACKETS, CAPES and COL-LARETTES.

Just received, a new line of Ladies' tailor made Jackets, latest cut and colorings; also, a special lot of fur collar-ettes direct from the manufacturer. Save money by buying from us.

G. TUCKER.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

The plain Dress Goods of this season require fancy braids. We have them in all the new designs, scroll novelties, nouveantes, Hercules, serpentines, etc. See these trimmings.

SILKS! SILKS!

Nowhere else will you find more novelties than here. We have all the new Taffetas in Plaids, Stripes, Checks, ombre effects and plain—all are beautiful.

G. TUCKER.

529 Main St., Paris, Ky.

CONDON'S

Special Early Fall Sale.

36 in. All-Wool Dress Goods, 25c yd.
40 in. All-Wool Covert, 50c yd.
40 in. Novelty Goods, 39c.
36 in. Mixed Wool Novelty, 12 1-2c.
68 in. Bleached Table Linen, 50c.
3-4 size Dinner Napkins, \$1.00 doz.
Extra value Bleached Cotton, 5c; worth 8 1-3c.
10-4 Sheeting, 15c and 18c; worth 20 and 25c.
Outing Cloth, 5c to 8 1-3c a yard.
New line of Penangs at 3 1-2c per yard.

HANDSOME PICTURE WITH \$5 PURCHASE.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

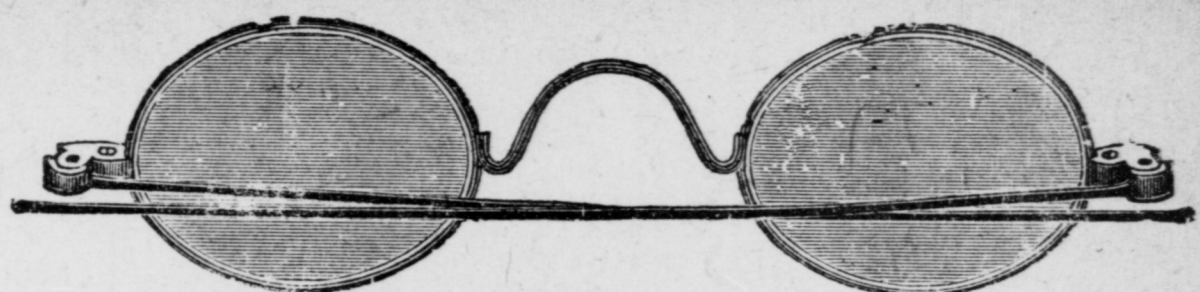
FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, where quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.



If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

Imperial spectacles and eyeglasses have perfect lenses, always perfectly centered and made of purest material, set in frames of the highest elasticity and consequently of greatest durability, united with the utmost lightness and elegance. When both frames and lenses are scientifically fitted by Dr. C. H. Bowen's system they always give satisfaction for they are perfect. Never buy cheap spectacles, nor of men who do not know how to fit them. You will get poorly adjusted spectacles, or poor, imperfect lenses, and are better off without any glasses than with either of these defects. Buy imperial spectacles of a reliable, skillful dealer, and they will last longer without change and be cheapest in the end.

We have engaged the services of Dr. C. H. Bowen who will visit our store on the second and last Thursdays of each month and invite all to call and have their eyes examined, for which there is no charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A. J. WINTERS & CO.

Next visit—Wednesday, Nov. 23d, on account of Thanksgiving day being 24th.



A THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT

or dinner you will probably be called upon to attend, and of course you want your linen finished and laundered in the best possible manner. There is no other laundry in Central Kentucky that can put the superb finish and exquisite color on your linen as the Bourbon Steam. Any shirt, collar or cuff laundered at this establishment will do you proud and give perfect satisfaction.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

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GROCERY AND FRUIT STORE

Prices Low, Goods First-Class.

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners.

FEATHERY MILLINERY.

Great Novelty Marks the Quills and
Plumes of the Coming
Season.

Looking round at the supply of quills, wings and feather ornaments of all kinds, it is apparent that the force of invention can no further go. A sort of chine effect in colors surrounds some of the blue feathers, and some of the quills are of different tints on either side. Short quills have been mounted into large sheafs of green, yellow white or brown, and paradise plumes are mingled with osprey. The French jay, with its beautiful light and dark blue tint, has simply been utilized as it is. The Mercury wings are sure to be employed in every light as well as every dark tone, judging from the enormous variety in which they are to be had. Many of them spotted with chenille. The spotted Tetra, which is, in fact, the capercaillie, figures in hats and bonnets, and every pleasant wing that has been shot for sport and food has been utilized for millinery, the brown plumage being enlivened by the introduction of bright green, red or blue here and there. We have returned to our allegiance to bright colors, not one of which has been ignored in feathers, all of them as beautiful as taste may dictate. Judging from the display, feathers are taking the place of flowers, and no good whatever has been done by the crusade against cruelty to feathered bipeds which has been waged so long, and more is the pity.

All the autumn and winter boas will be in fashion. Feather ones whenever it is possible, and the innovation in these is that three colors are introduced in one example—white, yellow and blue; white, mauve and black mingle together. Other ruffles are made of ostrich tips, spotted with chenille; this studding of chenille introduced into feathers is making a great change in the modes. Ruffs of soft fluted silk are well worn, too, and in pretty well every color, but in Paris black and white have the preference, and next to this comes gray, tipped with white. Black with tiny white spots is also worn.

Fichus are in most constant demand. These are made of lisse, bordered with Valenciennes, the most fashionable being white Valenciennes, with the pattern outlined in black. Some of them are made in the finest chiffon, bordered with ruffled lace, in which acorns are introduced into the design, the edges bordered with tasseling. Detached collars of all kinds are made in silk and cotton. They generally take the form of a sailor collar at the back, and reverse in front, bordered with frilling, united by narrow beading and white embroidery. There are others made in white muslin, rather of the yoke form, pointed back and front, edged with an insertion bordered with lace. Quite new are collars and cuffs made in thick jockeynet, and horizontally tucked all over to replace linen.—St. Louis Republic.

TO STOP A COLD.

This Authority Says Long Breaths
Will Do It, When It Has
Just Begun.

A cold, as nearly every intelligent person knows, is the result of a stoppage somewhere of free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a feeling of chill.

So slight is the chill oftentimes that not until the preliminary sneeze comes is the victim aware that he or she has been in the track of a draught or that the temperature has changed.

The usual notion is that by going indoors, changing to heavier clothing or retreating from the moist atmosphere the danger is averted. These precautions are all well enough, but the first and most efficacious measures should be to restore the quick flow of warm blood through every vein and so by heat instantly counteract the little chill.

One, perhaps the simplest, method of doing this has been learned by men who stand on sentinel duty, who are obliged to suffer more or less exposure in winter, or who scorn the comforts in cold weather of overcoat and umbrella.

Their method, when the temperature of the body or extremities is lower, or a sudden chill or quick change from warm to cold atmosphere is endured, is to inhale three or four deep breaths, expand the lungs to their fullest extent, holding every time the inhaled air as long as possible and then slowly letting it forth through the nostrils.

In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels and so runs out into the tiniest veins.

This radiates a glow down to the toes and finger tips and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. The whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion as from rapid exercise.

Let any woman who goes to a dinner or ball in a low-necked dress, where the rooms are chilly and her wraps are not accessible, try this little cure, or, better still, this preventive against cold and enjoy its merits.

Let her try it when taking a cold drive or when condemned, by accident, to sit in wet garments. Let the maxim of a victim to colds be always: Keep the blood in rapid action; use the deep-held breaths when a first chill is felt.—Pearson's Weekly.

One Thing Sure.

Keep to the right, and you will never get left.—Rau's Rorr

TO MY WIFE.

'Tis many a year since you and I,
In holy troth and faith,
Joined heart and hand, and vowed to be
Husband and wife till death.

Ah me, how much of good and ill,
Of pleasure and of pain,
Our eyes have seen, our hearts have felt,
Dear wife, dear heart, since then!

Yet in our humble home—nest we
Still happy sit, and sing
A sweeter song than skylarks trill,
In praise of love and spring.

When winter comes to us, and clouds
Obscure the light of day,
We murmur not, because we know
That we have had our May;

We know behind the clouds the sun
Shines somewhere in the blue,
And that the darkest night but brings
The stars more clear to view.

By bearing one another's griefs,
Their weight one-half is less,
And sharing one another's joys,
We double happiness;

Life, measured by this golden rule,
Becomes, despite the tears
Which sometimes blur the bluest skies,
A round of happy years.

And with this golden rule, dear wife,
We ever will comply,
In sweet contentment seeing thus
The tide of time glide by.

Ready, whate'er the outcome be,
Love is life's crown of bliss,
Content to know its issues are
Safe in our Father's care.

They trust live who live for love,
Love is life's crown of bliss,
The soul of life is deathless love—
Who loves immortal is!

—Charles W. Hunter, in Atlanta Constitution.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap and dispatches a messenger from his lawyer on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

Chapter XIV.—Merriam is brought in in the ambulance, inquires for Florence, but gets only an evasive answer, doctor fearing news of her flight may prove fatal to him.

Chapter XV.—During absence of hospital attendant Mrs. McLane steals in on Merriam, hoping to get from him some papers or information; tells him of his wife's disappearance. Randy staggers out to the stable, and is shortly galloping madly off over the mesa. Mrs. McLane breaks down, tells of dying message of her stepson to effect that the first Mrs. McLane was alive at time of her (Fannie's) marriage, and of the blackmail and extortion practiced on McLane by his first wife and her family. Finally this Mrs. McLane agreed to leave him on payment of a big cash sum. McLane hears that his Sacramento wife had married again, but lawyers sent to investigate are confronted by the news of her death.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

They found her grave, headstone and all, but could get no trace of her long-devoted lover. It was surmised that he had taken what was left of the money and gone elsewhere in search of consolation. McLane came back to New York, met Fanny Hayward, fell in love, and Uncle Mellen urged the match in every way; and we know the result. There was a fortnight in which McLane seemed the happiest of men. Then came a shock. Fanny found him nearly crazed with trouble. A letter had come purporting to be from that supposed-to-be-dead woman demanding further heavy payment as the price of her silence. McLane honestly told Fanny the truth, and was astonished at her decision. She bade him "pay the money and have done with it."

They might have doubted the genuineness of her letter, but there was no doubting that of young McLane's dying statement, witnessed by the officers from Sedgwick. He declared his mother alive. And so one crime led to another. No sooner had they reached California than the whole Perkins family seemed resurrected, and blackmail was their business. The eldest sister demanded heavy hush-money, and it was paid. The second sister turned up with her husband and a pre-

posterous demand. It was they who haunted him at the San Francisco club, and the man, drunk and triumphant, insolently demanding money that night, had fired that well-aimed fatal shot when repudiated, defied, and struck. The very next day at their hotel came a letter warning them to silence as to the identity of the assailants. So long as these latter were allowed to escape arrest they would keep the secret, but if arrested and brought to trial they would proclaim McLane a bigamist. All this was made known to Uncle Mellen, and he, too, backed the niece's cause and kept up the deception. But no one could tell where the first wife was hidden. "She will be produced when needed, and her money must be paid through her sister." The money, a large sum, was paid, and then there was temporary peace. But McLane drooped and died under the weight of shame and anxiety. There was quarreling between the widow and the guardian and further demands from those cormorants, who now openly threatened to claim the dead man's estate for the widow and her son—they, at least, knew nothing of the latter's death; and then Fanny, coming to Sedgwick, tried to reassert her old sovereignty over Merriam and to gain possession of the papers of which her husband had told her and which Randy had long since sent to Parry, but concerning which she had never spoken to her brother-in-law, believing him to be ignorant of their existence; and it pleased Ned Parry to let her live on in ignorance that he had them. He took a curious interest in making a study of her, and had, without consulting his client, a more than professional interest in the case.

But now Bullock, the man who shot McLane, had been traced to and arrested in Chicago, together with his dashing helpmeet. Uncle Mellen had been prostrated by paralysis as a result of the news. The secret could be no longer kept, and Fanny McLane, hunted, desperate, self-deluded, and self-drugged, believed herself a ruined woman when at last Ned Parry came.

Too ill to see him, she seemed at least relieved to know he had come, and that night in Grafton's parlor he sat gravely listening to Harriet's recital of what Fanny had detailed to her, making no comment, but taking it all in, when, just at tattoo, a trooper dismounted at the gate and bore to Mrs. Grafton a brief missive from her husband. It was written that morning nearly 20 miles northwest of Jose's ranch.

"You must prepare Merriam for the worst," it said. "There is reason to believe poor Florence has fallen into the hands of a little band of Apaches. The sign is unmistakable and we are just starting in pursuit."

CHAPTER XVI.

Late that anxious night one battalion of the riflers returned to Sedgwick, Hayne's company one of the four, and very grave he looked when told of the events of the past 48 hours. Acting on the report of Capt. Grafton that Apache signs had been found in the foothills north of Jose's, Buxton had ordered another troop to march to reinforce him, and this troop Hayne obtained permission to accompany. It marched at dawn, so he had barely three hours in which to prepare. Mr. Parry, wearied with his journeying and many cares, had been escorted to Merriam's vacated quarters by Whittaker some little time before midnight, and there he was made welcome by Hop Ling and given the room abandoned by the master of the house so short a time before. Many people, between anxiety as to the fate of their beloved Florence and their eagerness to receive the riflers on their return, sat up until two o'clock; but Parry, though filled with anxiety as keen, was well aware that nothing was to be gained by his spending a wakeful night and listening to all manner of theory as to the cause of the fair fugitive's sudden defection from the road to the ranch. Hayne, therefore, did not meet nor see him, but, as soon as it was light, rode forth ahead of the troop, meaning to go first to Jose's, see his wife and Dr. Gould, and then strike out northward, confident of meeting the second troop somewhere in the open country that there spread for miles before him.

Buxton had sent a party on the trail of Merriam within an hour of his dash and with orders to bring him back to the post, but they had not been heard from since their start, "and," said Whittaker, "they're not likely to be. Those fellows barely ride one mile to Randy's two. It's my belief he will just pull up at Jose's and then go straight on to the foothills, as probably he did."

But Randy was having a ride the like of which was not recorded in the annals of Fort Sedgwick since the days when, long before the war, the First Dragoons and the Navajos battled for the mastery of the Santa Clara. Ignorant as yet of the report of Apaches in the foothills of the Mesalero, his one theory was that she had gone to Jose's, intending from there to push on to the cantonment. The thought of her darling so long and so hard a ride at a time when she should be guarded with the utmost care was in itself a source of dire distress to him, and he could hardly have speeded faster and with grimmer determination to defy all pain or weariness had he dreamed of the deadly perils that lurked about her path. Of the fact that Valdez and his few followers had eventually fled northward and across the road to the Catamount he had heard nothing. Through Hop Ling's chatter he had gathered that Grafton and his men were gone in search of Florence and that Mrs. Hayne and Dr. Gould were at Jose's. He dare not stop to make inquiries at the garison. He was under medical care—therefore under doctor's orders, and on complaint of the acting surgeon it would be perfectly competent for Buxton to place him in close arrest. His one idea, therefore, was to put as much ground

as possible between the post and himself. He knew he could get another horse at Jose's, so Brown Dick was never spared an instant. At three o'clock, galloping free, the gallant horse was stretching away northwestward over the low, rolling earth—waves that seemed to spread to the very lap of the Mesalero, spanning the horizon toward the setting sun. Far behind him, the scattered ranches and the sparse green foliage of the Santa Clara. Far away on either hand, the lumpy, sandy barren, dotted everywhere with little dull-hued tufts of coarse herbage or stunted sage. Ahead of him the tortuous, twisting, dusty trail, dented with scores of hoof-prints, the tracks of Grafton's troop on its way to the rescue. By this time Randy was burning with thirst, but the water in his canteen was warm and nauseating. He raised the felt-covered flask to his lips from time to time and rinsed his mouth and moistened his parching throat, but that did not allay the craving. He had still 30 miles to go before he could reach Jose's and exchange Brown Dick for a broncho, and have Dr. Gould renew the dressing of his wounded arm. He knew that Florence had failed to appear there, but he knew her pluck and spirit, and believed he knew the reason—that there might be sojourners there either from the Catamount or from the post who would seek to turn her back or hold her there; and he knew that in her overwrought, half-maddened state she was starving for her mother's petting and her father's arms. He knew her so well that any attempt to dissuade her now would result, he felt assured, only in frantic outburst and more determined effort to push ahead.

Then he had another and even better reason for thinking he could quickly find Mignon's trail, although it might be miles to the north of Jose's. On their return from their latest visit to the Catamount they were having a glorious run with the hounds one lovely November morning, and the jack-rabbits led them far out to the north of the road among the buttes and boulders that clustered about the course of a little stream, barely a yard wide anywhere, that rippled out from among the foothills only to be lost in the sands of the desert to the east. One vigorous old rabbit, close followed by the hounds, had tacked suddenly and darted up this narrow valley, and Floy and Mignon, all excitement, darted after him, while Randy, guiding Brown Dick behind, watched with fond, proud eyes his young wife's graceful, fearless riding. Far up toward the head of the brook poor Jack had been tossed



A brief missive from her husband.

in air by the pointed muzzle of his closest pursuer and then pounced upon by the panting hounds, and Randy found that they were in a little amphitheater among the buttes—found the little spring in which the streamlet had its birth, and there they dismounted and unsaddled and let the horses roll; and here they took their luncheon, and had a happy, loving hour, all alone with the horses and hounds in this little world of their own; and Floy had named the spot—a fond, foolish little caprice, perhaps, and vowed that it was to be her refuge by-and-by. "This is where I am coming to build my lonely-cloister one of these days, when you grow weary of me, sir," she had laughingly said. And now, as he plied spurs to Dick's heaving sides, Randy wondered, wondered whether it might not be that she had made that wide detour around Jose's purposely to find and revisit that romantic little nook and there pour out her grief to the solitude of the silent foothills.

At five o'clock Brown Dick was black with sweat and dust and streaked with foam, but still pressed gamely on, and Randy, with white, set face, in which deep lines of pain and weariness were graving, gazed fixedly ahead with burning, fevered eyes, conscious that strength was failing him and praying for the first sight of those dun adobe walls of Jose's sheltering ranch.

Just at seven o'clock of the early winter's evening the denizens of Jose's heard the thud of horse's hoofs at the gate and the hail of a feeble voice. Jose's wife at that moment was in half-terrorful talk with Mrs. Hayne, who from dawn till dark had been on watch—hoping against hope for tidings of Florence, and who now, wearied with long vigil and well-nigh worn out with anxiety, was lying down in search of sleep. Gould, veteran soldier and surgeon that he was, could no longer bear the suspense and inaction at the ranch. He had borrowed one of Jose's horses, and with a half-bred Mexican for guide, had ridden away at dawn, hoping to strike Grafton's trail and follow him into the mountains, whither he was supposed to have ridden in pursuit of the Apaches. Gould was a skeptic. He said he didn't believe a dozen Apaches were off their reservation. He didn't believe half a dozen had ventured over the New Mexican line, and if any had he was willing to bet a month's pay they were not hostile. This was comforting to Mrs. Hayne, but Jose's people were not so easily cured of their conviction. By the time the rumor reached the ranch, brought in by stampeded herdsmen, no one of whom had seen an

Indian, but each of whom could tell tremendous tales of their doings in the valley, it was declared that at least 50 of Victorio's old band were raiding the Santa Clara and might be expected to assault Jose's at any moment. The corral was filled, therefore, with scraggy cow ponies and swarthy men, and the sight of an officer, one-armed, pallid, exhausted, reeling earthward from an equally exhausted steed, was all that was necessary to complete the panic. Over half the Mexicans present made a mad rush for the subterranean refuge known as the "dug-out," and but for a couple of troopers who had put into Jose's with lamed and useless horses Randy would have gone headlong to the ground. They caught him just in time, and bore him inside the ranch, where the sight of his death-like face drove Jose almost frantic. But the troopers knew what to do for their officer and speedily brought him round, and when he asked for Dr. Gould they told him of his going, and Randy's next demand was for coffee and a fresh horse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PERFECT DOCUMENT.

Criticisms of the Declaration of Independence Are Easily Proposed.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, second, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town and hamlet in the United States to thousands of Americans, who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear and imposing.—Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

STORY OF THE GREAT LAKES.

A Fruitful Source of Material for the Writers of History and Fiction.

There is much of thrilling interest, much of romance, much of daring surrounding the shores of these lakes, much in a study of the early periods of their history, for the historian or the novelist. A long time ago—so long it seems like ancient history to us—the first white man, probably about the middle of the sixteenth century, saw these lakes. It is not so easy to fix a date for this event, but we know that as early as 1530 to 1540 the French priests, the voyagers and the coureurs de bois, the trappers and adventurers of the day, visited the eastern lake region on the north. They came with two messages: one bore tidings of the commerce, and proved that the French nation was alive to the value of the new country; the other told the story of the Christian religion. It was well, perhaps, to mention another message—a more or less baleful one—brought by the adventurers; for there were adventurers among these early discoverers—men who had no other motive than to seek the strange and the exciting, and to spend their days in the alluring and profitless occupation of seeing how many hairbreadth escapes they could enjoy, in how many scenes of pillage and robbery they could take part.

Those who have written so gracefully and elegantly of the early history of the regions surrounding the northern portions of the great lakes have but begun to tell the tales which will be told with more and more freedom of invention as the writers of the future come to appreciate more and more what a splendid storehouse of material lies in this Northland.—W. S. Harwood, in St. Nicholas.

No Novelty.

"I'm afraid," remarked Farmer Corntossel, "that the period of usefulness for that politician is about to be drawn to a close."

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife, "is it a case of overwork?"

"No," was the answer; "it ain't nothin' so unusual as overwork. It's a plain, old-fashioned case of overtalk."—Washington Star.

After the Concert.

Mr. Wellwood—How did you like Mme. Mebley?

Miss Highgrocks—She was wretched. "I'm astonished to hear you say that. I thought she was in fine voice."

"Oh, her voice may have been all right, but I'm sure the gown she wore never could have been made in Paris."—Cleveland Leader.

Not to Be Frightened.

Said the minister to an old lady of an irreligious disposition: "Woman! I've mind there's a place where there's wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Ye'll no fright me wi' that," said the dame. "I've never ane left in my head to gnash wi'."—Household Words.

SCHOOL AND-CHURCH.

There were \$7,000,000 given to colleges last year.

There are 18 Methodist churches in Detroit, Mich.

Hebron academy has received a gift of \$60,000 for the erection of a dormitory.

There are 16 schools for Chinese in Montreal, conducted by the Canadian Presbyterian, Dr. Thompson.

Barnard college has succeeded in paying a debt of \$125,000. At the opening of the fall term 308 young women entered.

The house of bishops have selected San Francisco as the place for holding the Protestant Episcopal convention of 1901.

There are about 200,000 Mormons in Utah and the contiguous states and territories. The number is being constantly increased by immigration from all parts of our own land and many foreign countries. There are about 2,000 missionaries in active service.—United Presbyterian.

Inspired by a desire to honor the memory of her father, who was one of the Bonanza kings of the Golden state, Miss Cora Jane Flood has devoted her property, worth \$3,000,000, to the cause of education. Included in the gift to the University of California is her palatial home and grounds at Menlo Park.

According to a statement prepared by Rev. Dr. Strong, the missionary societies of the United States, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia number 249, with 4,694 stations and 15,200 out-stations. There are 11,695 missionaries, 65,000 native workers and about a million and a quarter communicants. The income from all these countries approximates \$13,000,000.

Divinity students in the University of Chicago are now required to pay tuition. Up to this time instruction in all the departments of the Divinity school has been free. Indeed, it is only recently that the divinity students have been asked to pay even room rent. Heretofore the undergraduates have looked upon the divinity students as apart from the university, and it is largely at the request of the students themselves that the Divinity school has been placed on the same footing as the other departments of the university.

THE BIRDS OF CUBA.

A Citizen of the United States Describes Some of the Numerous Species.

I saw one morning a Cuban eagle or hawk, called "gabilan." It had a white head and white tips on its wings. Several partridges have been about our camp. They closely resemble ours in the states, and their call is suggestive of "Bob White's." I hear now and then the notes of mourning doves, and other doves resembling those common on the continent fly over the fields occasionally. But of these homelike birds there are few. Parrots—"cotorras" they are called here—are very numerous, flying in flocks with incessant screechings. There is a very beautiful bird, the "tocoloro" (abbreviations for "todos colores"—all colors) which justifies its name by the hues of its feathers. It lives in the woods, is very tame, and has a soft and sad note like the mourning dove.

The bird most in evidence, however, to both sight and hearing is the "cao." Before daylight in the morning and after dusk in the evening its extraordinary vocal performances command attention. It shrieks, shouts, chatters, and scolds so much like a human being that the effect is startling. I seem to trace in its utterances a whole string of Spanish oaths, and somehow the intensity of its emphasis always makes me laugh. The cao is a black bird somewhat smaller than a crow, and with a tail so long that it seems to overload it. The Cubans say that it can be taught to talk, and that it has a magpie's thievishness.

There are several kinds of woodpeckers, some very large, and the trunks of the palm trees bear testimony to their industry.

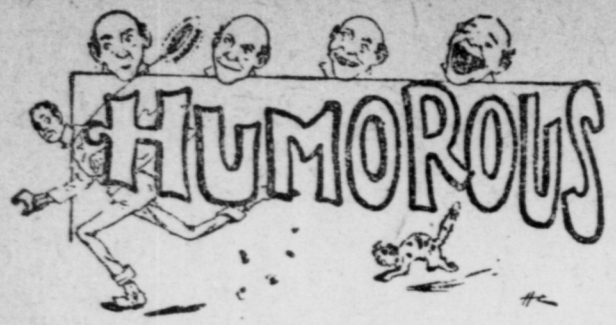
I have written of the kingbird, or "pitirre." The name, like that of many other Cuban birds, is derived from its note. "Pitir-re! pitir-re!" it cries as it dashes from its home in the big ceiba at the vultures sweeping near, and its great enemy always flaps away in haste. The Cubans are fond of likening the pitirre to the insurgent fighters for Cuban liberty. The sparrow ("gorrion") is the national bird of Spain, and was long ago introduced into the island, where it made its home in the towns, as the English sparrow does. It tried to extend its dominion to the country also, the Cubans say, but the pitirre chased it back to the posts held by Spain, and there it remains beleaguered. A pretty conceit, even if not quite borne out by the habits of sparrows.—Capt. N. G. Gonzalez, in Columbia (S. C.) State.

Furloughs and Leave of Absence.

With the return of the volunteers from active duty the terms "furlough" and "leave of absence" have been employed frequently, and in many instances improperly. A furlough is a permission given by a commissioned officer to an enlisted man or noncommissioned officer to be absent from duty for a certain length of time. Leave of absence is the term used when a like permission is given to a commissioned officer by his superior.—N. Y. Tribune.

Italy's Accession of Territory.

Italy has had 294 square miles of land added to its territory in the last 70 years by the advance of the delta of the Po into the Adriatic sea. The measurement has been made by Prof. Marinelli, who carefully compared the Austrian surveys of 1823 with the Italian surveys of 1893.—N. Y. Sun.



Bad Form.

"What a painful, shocking way to take one's self out of the world it must be to drink carbolic acid," remarked the young woman in the fur jacket.

"Shocking?" replied the young woman in the yellow buskins. "It's worse than that. It's disgraceful. It's the way the servant girls commit suicide!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Luck.

A poor little fellow called Vaughan was playing one day on the laughan. When a whirlwind came nigh, Took him up to the skigh, And none could tell where he had gaughan.

—N. Y. World.

ABSOLUTELY USELESS.



Junior Law Partner—You say it would be useless to appeal that case of Easy marks to a higher court?

Senior Law Partner—Why, of course it would—he's busted already.—N. Y. World.

Not Declined, However.

The daughter of an editor was she; And when he kissed her (through Love's impish pranks), Quite absent-mindedly she said to him: "Your contribution is returned with thanks!"

—Puck.

The Lecture and the Lecturer.

Mrs. Learned—Had you no engagement for to-night, dear?

Prof. Learned (jumping to his feet)—By Jove! I was booked to lecture at 7:30 on "The Cultivation of the Memory," and here it is ten o'clock! Why in blazes couldn't you have asked that question three hours ago?—N. Y. Truth.

Almost Cruel.

Alice—Isn't it too bad! The romance of my life has been shattered.

Winifred—Oh, I'm so sorry! What's happened? Have you and Charley quarreled?

Alice—No; but just as we had got all ready to elope, papa and mamma spoiled it all by deciding to give their consent.—Chicago Daily News.

The March of Civilization.

"Are you the widow of the man who was shot?" asked the Texas corner of the woman who stood before him.

"Two hours ago I was," she replied, "but now I am the wife of the man who got the drop on him."—N. Y. World.

Praying Through Her Hat. I've thought as in church she His goodness has hymned, Can a merciful deity bark To a woman who prays 'neath a hat that is trimmed.

With a poor, murdered thrush or a lark?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

AN EASY JOB.



Sorry Sawyer—I t'ink a job in a oak factory would suit us.

Dusty Dion—Why?

Sorry Sawyer—We could do the rest.

—N. Y. Evening Journal.

The Logic of Vanity.

A crank is he who'll not agree With us in our pretense, The man who'll praise our silly ways We deem a man of sense.

—Up to Date.

The Beginning of It.

He—You look good enough to eat, this morning, Ethel.

She—Indeed! Why don't you eat me, then?

He—My doctor told me to avoid sweets.—Harper's Bazar.

Quite Willing to Do It.

It was intended as a gentle hint. "Our rule here," he said, "is pay as you go."

"Quite right," replied the other, pleasantly, "but I'm not going yet."—Chicago Post.

Didn't Want Him to Begin.

Brown—Don't be afraid of him! That dog never bit anybody in his life.

Jones—That's good; but I'd hate to see him get into bad habits just now.

—Puck.

A Disappointed Pessimist.

"Mr. Junks looks even more dismal than usual since his marriage."

"Yes; he must have found wedded life less annoying than he expected."

—Chicago Record.

Hard on the Reporters.

"I had a strange dream the other night," said the major.

"What was it?" asked the Young Thing.

"I went to heaven, and as an old newspaper man was interested in their journal up there. It was a miserable thing; not a well-written story in it, and I told St. Peter so."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'It's not our fault. We never get any good reporters up here.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

Punishment.

"The idea of sending children to bed early to punish 'em!" exclaimed Mrs. Cornotssel, who was discussing her city relative. "That ain't any way to c'rect 'em."

"Of course it ain't," answered her husband. "If you want to convince 'em that you mean business, make 'em get up an hour or so earlier in the morning."—Washington Star.

Chance to Get a Rest.

"Timmins, do you know anything about literature?"

"No."

"Know anything about art?"

"Nothing."

"Know anything about music?"

"Not a rap."

"Good! Come over to my room pick out a pipe and let's enjoy ourselves."—Chicago Daily News.

Not as Bad as Painted.

"You are not capable of a generous impulse," said the scolding uncle. "What have you ever done for humanity?"

"I've attended four oyster suppers given for charity this fall!" exclaimed the wayward nephew, burning with righteous indignation.—Chicago Tribune.

Greatly Afflicted.

Mrs. De Platte—How are you all at home, Mrs. Brownston?

Mrs. Brownston—Not well at all. My daughter has la grippe, my country cousin has the influenza, and my servant has a cold in the head.—N. Y. Weekly.

Always Occupied.

It comes; the sad season when bitter winds blow And the shovel our lives must control. When it isn't at work on the beautiful snow It is frolicking free in the coal.

—Washington Star.

AN INVOLUNTARY SPRING.



Sister Ethel—I understand Mr. Noodle sprung from a fine old house.

Brother Jack—Yes. I'm told his father kicked him into the street.—N. Y. World.

Business.

He paid her five thousand cold dollars For damages done to her heart, And with it she and her true lover Were able to get quite a start.

—Chicago Record.

Serious Indeed.

"I was going on the stage once—vaudeville."

"That so, Kitty? Did your more serious nature come to the rescue?"

"Yes, I got too fat."—Chicago Daily Record.

A Wonderful Man.

Crimsonbeak—That man Butts is an original fellow.

Yeast—What makes you think so?

"Why, he borrowed five dollars from me yesterday, and paid it back to-day."

—Yonkers Statesman.

The Campaign Statistician.

He figured hard. No rest was nigh, His task he dared not shrink. He figured on to show men why His figures didn't work.

—Washington Star.

The Supreme Test.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening.

Wilson—In what way?

Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—Chicago Journal.

Appointment or Portrait?

Clara—I cannot understand Douglas. He keeps on pulling out his watch and looking at it.

Gertrude—There must be a woman in the case.—N. Y. World.

Progress.

Tourist—Do you—aw—fellows still shoot men for wearing silk hats?

Pieface Johnson—Not less'n they wears 'em with sack coats.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Great Deal Better.

"Married yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."—N. Y. Truth.

At the Butcher's.

Customer—Why did you put up that large mirror near the door?

Butcher—To prevent the servant girls from watching the scales.—Chicago Journal.

Method in His Verbosity.

Rev. Fourthly—Why do you always preach such long sermons?

Rev. Fifthly—So that my congregation will be willing to give me long vacations.—Town Topics.

Nothing Wonderful.

Yeast—There's a lady pianist at the museum who plays with her toes.

Crimsonbeak—Umph! That's nothing; my baby does that!—Yonkers Statesman.

AFTER HEIRLOOMS.

The Dealer in Such Things Knew His Customers and Supplied Their Wants.

"We want to look at some antiques," said the middle-aged lady whose use of the lorgnette was calculated to call attention to the large quantity of jewelry she wore.

The dealer knew immediately what she wanted. He had heard "antiques" called that before. He held the door open until her husband, who had stopped to give some instructions to the driver of their carriage, had entered and then proceeded to show his customer through the store. The old gentleman looked rather uncomfortable. He sat down in the first chair he came to, and, resting both hands on the top of his walking stick, refused to travel any further. Every once in awhile he ran his handkerchief around the inside of his collar. His wife selected a number of pieces of old furniture, and said she would be back after more.

"We're just furnishing up a new house," she explained, "and we want some heirlooms. Heirlooms is quite the fashion nowadays," she added, with amiable indifference to grammar.

"To what address shall I send these?" inquired the dealer, when the list of purchases was made up.

"To Mrs. Dustin Stax," she replied, as she shed a patronizing smile on him.

"Might I inquire," the dealer said to the old gentleman, who had kept silence up to this time, "whether you are related to anybody named Rankin Stax?"

"The commodore?" came the rejoinder, with unexpected animation. "I should say I am related to him. He was one of the best men in the navy. Got promoted faster than anybody else that started with him at the bottom of the ladder. Fine old fellow. I've heard my father tell about him many and many a time."

"Well, I happened to run across an old cutlass a short time ago, with the name Rankin Stax carved on it. I guess there is no doubt that it belonged to the gentleman in question. Would you like to see it?"

"I wouldn't like anything better. That man was the only fighter in our family."

"We didn't have any fighters in our family," interpolated his wife, with chilly emphasis on the words "any" and "our."

"Well," he answered, apologetically, "it's only human nature, you know, to be interested in such things."

"Might I ask," she inquired, as the dealer handed over the cutlass, "where you obtained it?"

"From a family in the country."

"What is their business?"

"They keep a hotel. They got the cutlass from a great-grandfather."

"And what did the great-grandfather do?"

"He kept one of those old-fashioned inns, or taverns, or something of that sort."

"Well, Dustin," she continued, turning to her husband, "I know it's natural for you to have some curiosity about that cutlass. But I hope you won't attempt to take it home with you. I know your family history perfectly and you mustn't take offense if I suggest the probability of that old fellow's having been so reduced pecuniarily that he left his cutlass as security for something or other—very possibly something in the beverage line. And I shouldn't think of having any such reminder of lack of funds around the house. It would be positively coarse."—Detroit Free Press.

BEAUTY IS BASED ON HEALTH.

The Girl's Clear Complexion the Reflection of Her Good Health.

You are desirous of having a clear complexion? It is not enough that you simply treat yourself externally. The complexion is the thermometer that tells by its sallowness that the liver is out of order; by the red spots upon it that the stomach needs attention, and by its dull, heavy look that the kidneys demand treatment. Water externally and internally makes woman good to look upon. Taken internally, it flushes several important organs and acts upon them as a riser, carrying away all the poisonous matter that has so rapidly accumulated. Where your digestion is out of order a simple medicine recommended by a southern man and found efficacious is a glass of hot water—not tepid, for that may cause sickness—in which has been thrown and dissolved a good pinch of fine table salt. It is possible that, just at first, when taken before breakfast, you may not care for this medicinal drink, and can only take one-half of it; but hoping on and hoping over, you will get so that a gobletful of it is looked forward to with pleasure, while its effect is shown by the utter lack of pimples or spots, by the smoothness of the skin and the brightness of the eyes. If you find yourself growing weak from your work, then on a day when you have plenty of time take a tepid bath into which plenty of rock salt has been thrown, and rub yourself dry with a coarse towel.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Remedy for Ingrowing Nails.

A practical method of curing ingrowing nails is suggested as follows: With a flat probe or a match slip a bit of cotton between the edge of the nail and the inflamed flesh. Apply a strip of cotton along the outer margin of the ulcerated area. Powder the sore place between with nitrate of lead. Cover the whole with cotton and bandage the toe. Repeat the dressing daily until the edge of the nail is visible. Then carefully lift the edge of the nail away from the flesh, and put a piece of cotton under it.—Good Health.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Various Suggestions Which May Be of Service to the Busy Housewife.

Sausage and veal rolls are among the seasonable breakfast dishes or luncheon dishes that may be cooked in the chafing dish. Allow to one-half pound of sausage an equal quantity of veal chopped fine, and the same amount of stale bread crumbs. Mix well and season, with one level teaspoonful of celery salt, one of lemon juice, one of onion juice, two small red peppers seeded and shredded, and a quarter of a bunch of parsley cut fine. Make into rolls, dip in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs and cook in chafing dish, using enough butter to keep from sticking.

Baked quinces make a fine luncheon dish, and may be used like baked apples. Baked apples and quinces may also be used in combination; baking until very soft and stuffing cored apples with quinces. Pared and sliced they may be cooked thick and molded in fancy cups or dish if not too large.

The skirt of an old gingham gown makes one of the best kinds of kitchen aprons for service. It covers the dress skirt entirely, and is just the right length, an important desideratum where the one place that is sure to get spotted on a gown worn in the kitchen is on the lower edge.

Peaches should never be pared until about to serve, as they darken with but a few moments' standing. They should, however, be kept icy cold. A good way to chill them is to pack them in a pail or basket and set in one pan of cracked ice, placing another pan of ice on top of them.

With the annual transit of the stove-pipe and consequent distribution of soot along its route, forwarned is forearmed. Have ready a goodly supply of salt or cornmeal, and as fast as the soot falls on the carpet cover quickly and then sweep up.

Before laying in the winter's supply of coal protect the sides of the house by pieces of carpet or burlaps tacked on, and close all the doors opening into the coal cellar. If registers are used, close and cover with paper.

If sal soda and water are poured down the kitchen sink at least once a week the plumber's visit may be indefinitely postponed.

In making plum or fruit cakes add a little chocolate, if the batter does not seem quite dark enough.

In ironing tablecloths the creases should be varied from time to time so as to avoid wear.

In making clam fritters omit salt if the clam liquor is used.—Washington Star.

Tailoring Under Difficulties.

Mr. Knight, the adventurous correspondent of the London Times, who got into Cuba after 24 hours' immersion in the water about three months ago, has just returned from Havana. Once in the city he was unable to get out. One of his most amusing adventures occurred when he was imprisoned in Fort Morro, before his identity was fully established. He landed on the coast in rags, and when he got to the prison asked that a tailor should be sent to him. The tailor came, but was not admitted to the cell in which Mr. Knight was confined. However, he measured the war correspondent through the bars of the window, and next day returned with the garments cut and pinned together for the trying on. This was accomplished with some difficulty, Mr. Knight standing up close to the bars while the tailor did the fitting. The suit proved to be a remarkably good fit, and Mr. Knight wears it with pride in London.—Boston Journal.

Paper to Be Made Out of Aluminium.

Experiments with aluminium as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is well known that the paper used to-day in the manufacture of books is not durable. It is now possible to roll aluminium into sheets of thickness of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner still and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water-proof and is indestructible by the jaws of worms.—N. Y. Journal.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle common	3.00	2.75
Select butchers	4.00	4.35
CALVES—Fair to good light	6.50	6.70
HOGS—Common	3.00	3.25
Mixed packers	3.00	3.15
Light shippers	3.15	3.25
SHEEP—Choice	3.25	3.75
LAMBS	4.65	5.00
WHEAT—Winter family	2.45	2.70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	65	70
No. 3 red	60	65
Corn—No. 2 mixed	35	35
Oats—No. 2	25	25
RYE—No. 2	45	45
HAY—Prime to choice	65	50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	65	40
APPLES—Choice to fancy	3.25	3.50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	12	14
Prime to choice creamery	65	34
POTATOES—Per bush	1.25	1.40

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—Winter patent	3.30	3.50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	65	68 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring	65	65
CORN—No. 2	33	33 1/2
OATS—No. 2	23	23 1/2
RYE—No. 2	45	45
HAY—Prime to choice	65	50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	65	40
BUTTER—Choice dairy	12	14
Prime to choice creamery	65	34
POTATOES—Per bush	1.25	1.40

NEW YORK.

WHEAT—Winter patent	3.65	3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	65	70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	35	35 1/2
RYE—No. 2	45	45
OATS—Mixed	25	30
PORK—New mess	9.75	9.95
LARD—Western	10	10.50

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—Winter patent	3.60	3.90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	65	70 1/2
Southern—Wheat	65	72
CORN—Mixed	37 1/2	38
Oats—No. 2 white	31 1/2	32
RYE—No. 2 western	45	50 1/2
CATTLE—First quality	3.90	4.40
HOGS—Western	4.00	4.25

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—Winter patent	67 1/2	70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	65	67 1/2
CORN—Mixed	37 1/2	38
Oats—Mixed	22	22
PORK—Mess	9.50	9.50
LARD—Steam	9.75	9.75

DANGEROUS PROBING.

When It Came to Prying Into Family Secrets She Didn't Want to Be Insured.

She had concluded to take out a life insurance policy and appeared before the examining physician.

"What's your name?" he asked in his crisp business way, and she looked indignant as she answered.

"Age?"

"I don't come here to answer impertinent questions, sir. I came to be insured."

"But we must know your age in order to fix the rate."

"What rate?"

"The amount you must pay annually for being insured."

"Thirty-three, then," she snapped.

"You must be accurate or it will invalidate the policy."

"Forty; but I must say that I never heard such impudence."

"Weight?"

"I don't know. Neither does anyone else. Just as though that would make a difference."

"Married or single?"

"Single, thank heaven! Not but what I've had plenty of chance."

"Of course. Any insanity in your family?"

"Sir!" and she tried her best to congeal him with a look.

"I guess that you don't want to be insured."

And you guessed it right the first time. I don't propose to be a family encyclopedia for you or any other gossip monger," and she frowned out with a vigor that made the doctor think that she was a pretty good subject after all.—Detroit Free Press.

The "American Boy" Battleship.

Every patriotic American hopes the school boys of the United States will succeed in their efforts to raise \$3,000,000, which will be used in building a battleship to be called the "American Boy." It costs great sums of money to build a warship, but you build up your health with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at small expense. This remedy is an appetizer, tonic, blood purifier and stimulant. It is for stomach, liver and bowel disorders.

Reflected Greatness.

"Pa, what is a lineal descendant?"

"A lineal descendant is a person who has to fall back on some praiseworthy ancestor for his own importance."—Detroit Free Press.

OF Her Mind.

"There's a load off my mind," said the Italian lady, as she deposited the seven bushels of coal that she had picked up along the railroad tracks.—Chicago Evening News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

In Hoek.

Hogan—Fwat do in the paper about "hook der kaiser" mean?

Grogan—It is a dilikit way av sayin' 'soak 'im.—Indianapolis Journal.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Our enemies point out our faults, else we might never improve sufficiently to retain our friends.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Forget it! Toothache won't let you. Don't forget St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

Only 23 letters can be taken seriously; the others are all in fun.—Golden Days.

Deep down to the pain spot. St. Jacobs Oil roots out Sciatica.

The hardest work is trying to keep out of work.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman. She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—MRS. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

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The fact is that we have too many goods for this season of the year and we have taken this means of disposing of them. Come and get your share of the bargains.

7½ cents per yard.
Wrapper Flannels, latest Fall Styles, worth 10 cents.

15 cents per yard.
Wool Flannels, white, red and gray, worth 25 cents.

15 cents each.
Ladies' Ecrú, or White Vests and Pants, worth 25 cents.

25 cents each.
Ladies' Ecrú and white-satin band, fleeced vests and pants, worth 39 cents.

3 for 10 cents.
Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton.

\$1.48 per pair.
Men's double-half tapped, soled calf boots, worth \$2.00.

\$1.50 each.
Men's and Boys' Mackintoshes, double texture with cape, worth \$2.50.

25 cents each.
For Shirts and Drawers in White Merino, well worth 40 cts.

25 cents per pair.
Men's all-wool extra-heavy socks, worth 35 cents.

50 cents
For a good-sized Calico Comfort, worth 75 cents.

15 cents
Per pair for heavy duck shucking mittens, worth 25 cents.

45 cents per pair
For the best oil-tanned calf shucking gloves, worth 75 cents.

\$3.48 each
For an extra-heavy Chinchilla Overcoat, well made, worth \$5.00.

\$6.75 each
For the best quality of Beaver and Kersey Overcoats, all colors, every one worth \$10.00.

Ladies' Capes and Jackets
In abundant lots, capes all of this season's styles at low figures. Cloaks that were carried over at 50 cents on the \$1. Call and examine these offers.

98 cents per pair
For Ladies' calf skin shoes in button, worth \$1.25.

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For the best calf skin and grain leather high topped shoes in the city.

Your choice of any Calico in the house at 3 1-2 cents per yard—a limit of 20 yds. to the customer—none sold to merchants.

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250,000 CURED
Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

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To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
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The undersigned, composing the firm of Haggard & Reed Laundry, have this day (June 13, 1898) by mutual consent dissolved partnership, C. E. Reed, assuming all the debts and liabilities. Those owing the firm will please settle with Mr. Reed. From June 13, 1898, J. H. Haggard is not liable for debts contracted by above firm.
Signed, this 13th day of June, 1898.
C. E. REED.
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